

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED
FROM THE TEXT OF MR. MALONE'S EDITION;
WITH
SELECT EXPLANATORY NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING
HENRY THE SIXTH. PART II. AND III.
RICHARD THE THIRD.
HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. BATHURST, T. PAYNE AND SON, W. AND
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J. NICHOLLS, R. BALDWIN, J. BEW, J. MURRAY, W. LOWMESE,
AND THE REST OF THE PROPRIETORS.
MDCCLXXVI.

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MDCCCXXXVI.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

Vol. V.

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* * IN a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books; (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprise the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591. Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*;) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in any form. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they originally appeared. MALONE.

This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1652. STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth:

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York:

Edward and Richard, his sons.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham,

Lord Clifford,

Young Clifford, his son.

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

Lord Scales, Governour of the Tower. Lord Say.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir John Stanley.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two priests.

Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A spirit raised by him.

Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

Jack Cade, a Rebel:

George, John, Dick, Smith, the Weaver, Michael, &c. his followers.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.

Eleanor, Dutcheſs of Gloſter.

Margery Jourdain, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, diſperſedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. **A**S by your high imperial majesty¹
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence²,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,

B 3

Seven

¹ It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

² So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquess of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleans, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c. This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall.

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret :
 I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

‘ A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 * If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious
 lord ;

‘ The mutual conference³ that my mind hath had—
 ‘ By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;
 ‘ In courtly company, or at my beads,—
 ‘ With you mine alder-lesest sovereign⁴,
 ‘ Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 ‘ With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords,
 ‘ And over-joy of heart doth minister.

‘ *K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish : but her grace in speech,
 ‘ Her words y-clad with wisdom’s majesty,
 ‘ Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys⁵ ;
 ‘ Such is the fulness of my heart’s content.—
 ‘ Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England’s happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*
Suf.

‘ I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you
 to my imagination.

* *Alder-lesest*, says Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his GLOS. to Chaucer, signifies, *dearest of all*. *Leve* or *lese*, Sax. *dear* ; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. case of *all*. The word is used by Chaucer, Marston, and Gascoigne.

⁵ This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of ; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.



Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquis, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

- Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
- What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
- His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
- Did he so often lodge in open field,
- In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
- To conquer France, his true inheritance?
- And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
- To keep by policy what Henry got?
- Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
- Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
- Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
- Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
- With all the learned council of the realm,
- Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
- Early and late, debating to and fro
- How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
- And hath his highness in his infancy
- Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
- And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
- Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
- Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
- O peers of England, shameful is this league!
- Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
- Blotting your names from books of memory;
- Razing the characters of your renown;
- Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
- Undoing all, as all had never been!
- *Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
- This peroration with such circumstance?
- For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
- *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
- But now it is impossible we should:
- Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
- Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
- Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
- Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
- *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,
- These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But.

• This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

* *War.* For grief that they are past recovery:

* For, were there hope to conquer them again,

* My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

* Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

* Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

* And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

* Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

* Mort Dieu!

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,

* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

* France should have torn and rent my very heart,

* Before I would have yielded to this league.

* I never read but England's kings have had

* Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:

* And our king Henry gives away his own,

* To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,

* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

* For costs and charges in transporting her!

* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,

* Before—

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

* 'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,

* But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

* Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face

* I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

* We shall begin our ancient bickerings⁷.—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

B 5

Car.

7 The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*.

In the old play the jingle is more striking. "And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words*?" MALONE.

* To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Our Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. *Levi pugna congregior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvarado*, or *Quadruple Dis.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*.

- Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
 * Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
 * And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
 * Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
 * And heir apparent to the English crown;
 * Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 * And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west²,
 * There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 * Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
 * Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 * What though the common people favour him,
 * Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;
 * Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
 * *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
 * With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 * I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 * He will be found a dangerous protector.
 * *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 * He being of age to govern of himself?—
 * Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 * And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
 * We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
 * *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;
 * I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]
 * *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
 * And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 * Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
 * His insolence is more intolerable
 * Than all the princes in the land beside;
 * If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
 * *Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
 * Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

* While

²—*of the west,*] Certainly Shakspeare wrote—*east*. WARBURTON.
 These are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and
 the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the
 speaker. JOHNSON.

- While these do labour for their own preferment,
- Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
- I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
- Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
- Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
- More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
- As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
- Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
- Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
- Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
- Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
- Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
- Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
- And, brother York¹, thy acts in Ireland,
- In bringing them to civil discipline²;
- Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
- When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
- Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
- Join we together, for the publick good;
- In what we can, to bridle and suppress
- The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
- With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
- And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
- While they do tend the profit of the land³.
- * *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
- * And common profit of his country!

B 6

* *York.*

¹ Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans; and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

² This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449.

³ I think we might read—more clearly—to profit of the land, i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless *tend* be written for *attend*. STEEV.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in a subsequent scene; or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their object.

SECOND PART OF

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

- * Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
- * Stands on a tickle point⁴, now they are gone:
- * Suffolk concluded on the articles;
- * The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
- * To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
- * I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
- * 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
- * Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
- * And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
- * Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
- * While as the silly owner of the goods
- * Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
- * And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
- * While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
- * Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
- * So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
- * While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
- * Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
- * Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
- * As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd⁵,
- * Unto the prince's heart of Calydon⁶.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day

⁴ *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakspere.

⁵ According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torment.

⁶ — *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Gloster's house.

Enter GLOSTER and the Dutchess.

Dutch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

* As frowning at the favours of the world?

* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,

* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

* What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,

* Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?

* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

* Until thy head be circled with the same.

* Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—

* What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:

* And, having both together heav'd it up,

• We'll

SECOND PART OF

- * We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
- * And never more abase our fight so low,
- * As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
- Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
- * Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
- * And may that thought, when I imagine ill
- * Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
- * Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
- * My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
- Dutch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
- * With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
- Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
- * Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
- * But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
- * And on the pieces of the broken wand
- * Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
- * And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
- * This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
- Dutch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
- That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
- * Shall lose his head for his presumption.
- * But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
- Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
- In the cathedral church of Westminster,
- And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
- Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
- * And on my head did set the diadem.
- Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
- * Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
- Art thou not second woman in the realm;
- And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
- * Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
- * Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
- And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
- * To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
- * From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
- Away from me, and let me hear no more.
- Dutch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
- With*

- With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
- Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
- And not be check'd.
- *Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

- *Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
- You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
- Whereas ' the king and queen do mean to hawk.
- *Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
- *Dutch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]

- Follow I must, I cannot go before,
- While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
- Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
- I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
- And smoothe my way upon their headless necks:
- And, being a woman, I will not be slack
- To play my part in fortune's pageant.
- Where are you there! Sir John^a! nay, fear not, man,
- We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

• *Dutch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

• Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Dutch. What say'st thou, man, shalt thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

• *Hume.* This they have promised,—to shew your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

• That shall make answer to such questions,

• As

^a *Whereas* is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable.

^b The title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen in ancient times.

- * As by your grace shall be propounded him.
- * *Dutch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
- * When from saint Albans we do make return,
- * We'll see these things effected to the full,
- * Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
- * With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Dutchess.*

- * *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
- * Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
- * Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
- * The business asketh silent secrecy.
- * Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
- * Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
- * Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
- * I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
- * And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
- * Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
- * They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
- * Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,
- * And buz these conjurations in her brain.
- * They say, A crafty knave does need no broker⁹;
- * Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
- * Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
- * To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
- * Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
- * Hume's knavery will be the dutchess' wreck;
- * And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
- * Sort how it will¹, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*

⁹ This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection*.

¹ Sort *how it will*,] Let the issue be what it will.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

1. *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill².

2. *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

Peter. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2. *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [reading the superscription.] *To my lord protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed:—What's your's?—What's here! [reads.] *Against the duke of*

² Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is *in the quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print*, was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. "All this" (declares one of the quibbling servants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I lay *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.—How now, sir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

2. *Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was! No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

2. *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*sears the petitioners.*]

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

2. *Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?

* Is this the government of Britain's isle,

* And this the royalty of Albion's king?

* What; shall king Henry be a pupil still,

* Under the surly Gloster's governance?

* Am I a queen in title and in style,

* And must be made a subject to a duke?

* I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

* Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

* And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

* I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,

* In courage, courtship, and proportion;

* But all his mind is bent to holiness,

* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

* His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;

* His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

* *Hic*

- * His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
- * Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
- * I would, the college of the cardinals
- * Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
- * And set the triple crown upon his head ;
- * That were a state fit for his holiness.
- * *Suf.* Madam, be patient : as I was cause
- * Your highness came to England, so will I
- * In England work your grace's full content.
- * *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
- * The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Buckingham,
- * And grumbling York : and not the least of these,
- * But can do more in England than the king.
- * *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
- * Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :
- * Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
- * *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
- * As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
- * She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
- * More like an empress, than duke Humphrey's wife ;
- Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
- * She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
- * And in her heart she scorns our poverty :
- * Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
- * Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
- * She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
- The very train of her worst wearing-gown
- Was better worth than all my father's lands,
- * Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms³ for his daughter.
- * *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her ;
- * And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
- * That she will light to listen to the lays,
- * And never mount to trouble you again.
- * So, let her rest : And, madam, list to me ;
- * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
- * Although we fancy not the cardinal,

* Yet

³ The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See Sc. I.

SECOND PART OF

- * Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
- * Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
- * As for the duke of York,—this late complaint⁴
- * Will make but little for his benefit:
- * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
- * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK and SOMERSET conversing with him; Duke and Dutchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part; noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham;
* Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

* *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

* To give his censure⁵: these are no women's matters.

* *Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace

* To be protector of his excellence?

* *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;

* And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

* *Sus.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

* Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?

* The

⁴ That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king.

⁵ Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. And it is so used by all the contemporaries of Shakspeare.

KING HENRY VI.

21

- * The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
- * The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
- * And all the peers and nobles of the realm
- * Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

- * Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
- * *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
- * Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

- * *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
- * Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
- * And left thee to the mercy of the law.

- * *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
- * If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
- * Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.*]

- * Give me my fan⁶: What, minion! can you not?

[*gives the Dutcheſs a box on the ear.*]

- * I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

* *Dutch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

- * Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
- * I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

* *Dutch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

- * She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

- * Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreyng'd.

[*Exit Dutcheſs.*]

- * *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

- * And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

- * She's tickled now⁷; her fume needs no spurs,

- * She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

⁶ In the original play the queen drops not a fan, but a glove.

"Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?"

⁷ *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. Our ancient editor, not perceiving this, reads—"her fume can need no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

SECOND PART OF

Re-enter GLOSTER.

- * *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
- * With walking once about the quadrangle,
- * I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
- * As for your spiteful false objections,
- * Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
- * But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
- * As I in duty love my king and country!
- * But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
- * I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
- * To be your regent in the realm of France.
- * *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
- * To shew some reason, of no little force,
- * That York is most unmeet of any man.
- * *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
- * First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
- * Next, if I be appointed for the place,
- * My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
- * Without discharge, money, or furniture,
- * Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
- * Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
- * Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
- * *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
- * Did never traitor in the land commit.
- * *Suf.* Peace, head-strong Warwick!
- * *War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

- * *Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
- * Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
- * *York.* Dost any one accuse York for a traitor?
- * *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?
- * *Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
- * That doth accuse his master of high treason:
- * His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
- * Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

* And

* And that your majesty was an usurper.

* *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

* *Pet.* By these ten bones*, my lords, [*holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouting my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—

* I do beseech your royal majesty,

* Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

* *K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

* *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

* Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

* Because in York this breeds suspicion:

* And let these have a day appointed them

* For single combat, in convenient place;

* For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

* This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

* *Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

* *Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's sake,

* pity my case! the spight of man prevaieth against me.

* O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able

* to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

* *Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

* *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day

* Of combat shall be the last of the next month:—

* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

* We have just heard a dutchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the contumacious of sinners. This adjuration is, however, very ancient.

SECOND PART OF

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

- * *Hume.* Come, my masters; the dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.
- * *Boling.* Maſter Hume, we are therefore provided:
- * Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcifms?
- * *Hume.* Ay; What elſe? fear you not her courage.
- * *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit: But it ſhall be convenient, maſter Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below; and ſo, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you proſtrate, and grovel on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Dutcheſs, above.

- * *Dutch.* Well ſaid, my maſters; and welcome all. To this geer; the ſooner the better.
- * *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
 The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire;
 The time when ſcritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
 And ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves,
 That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
 Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
 We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuror te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; when the ſpirit riſeth.*

Spir.

* *Silent*, though an adjective, is uſed by Shakspeare as a ſubſtantive. So, in *The Tempeſt*, the *waſt* of night is uſed for the greateſt part of it. The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unſettled. They ſeem, however, to have been deſigned by poets to ſignify ſome terrible beings whole office it was to make night hideous, like thoſe mentioned in the ſixth book and eighth ſatire of *Horace*.

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done²!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?

[*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*]

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffol

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him thun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

* Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

* *Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

* False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter YORK, and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their
guards, and others.*

* *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

* Behdame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

* What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

* Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

* My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

* See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

* *Dutch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

* Injurious duke; that threat'nt where is no cause.

* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you
this? [*Shewing her the papers.*]

* Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

VOL. V.

C

* And

² It was anciently believed that spirits who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius.

SECOND PART OF

- ‘ And kept afunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
 ‘ Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit Dutch. from above.*
 ‘ We’ll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
 ‘ All.—Away! [*Exeunt guards, with* SOUTH. BOLING. &c.
 * *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch’d her
 well³:

* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 Now, pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.
 What have we here?

[*Reads.*

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 But him out-live, and die a violent death.*

* Why, this is just,

* *Aio te, Eacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me⁴, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By Water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

* Come, come, my lords;

* These oracles are hardily attain’d,

* And hardily understood.

* The king is now in progress towards saint Albans;

* With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

* Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

* A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

* *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
 York,

* To be the post, in hope of his reward.

* *York.*

³ This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play.

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. MALONE.

⁴ *Tell me, &c.*] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakespeare, of which he has been guilty in other places.

* *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

* Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
* To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

* *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook⁵,
* I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

* Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out⁶.

* *K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
* And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
* To see how God in all his creatures works!

* Yea, man and birds, are fain⁷ of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

C 2

My

⁵ The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.

⁶ I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.

JOHNSON.

The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement, were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a lamb, a calver, a pizeon, a buck, and a cat. I have this intelligence from the *Books of Hawkings*, &c. by dame Julyana Bernes, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland. STEEVENS.

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

'They know, their master loves to be aloft^s,

* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

' *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

* That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

' *Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

' *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

' *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

* Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth't it so with king and common-weal!

' *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown pe-
rémptory?

* *Tantane animis cœlestibus iræ?*

* Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

* With such holiness can you do it?

' *Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

* So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

' *Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

' *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

* In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

' *Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

* This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

K. Hen.

^s Perhaps alluding to the adage: "High flying hawks are fit for princes." See Ray's *Collection*.

* *K. Hen.* How now, my lords?

* *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,

* Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

* We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to GLO.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

* *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for
this,

* Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*

* *Car.* *Medice teipsum;*

* Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

* How irksome is this music to my heart!

* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

* *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

* Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren; and
SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his
wife and a great multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

* To present your highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

* Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

C 3

* *Glo.*

* Fence is the art of defence.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
 * His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have
 better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

* *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
 to thee:

* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* *2. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
 chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

* *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

* A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

* By good saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*

* *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Gar. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

* *Glo.* 'Maks, thou lov'st plums well, that would'st venture
 so.

* *Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some dam-
 sons,

* And

' And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

' Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

' In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

* *Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and
saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names,
As thus to name the several colours we
Do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours;
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.—

My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles
in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Glo.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath bit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!*

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

* *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

* *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

* *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

* You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

* *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

* *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

* A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent¹,—

* Under the countenance and confederacy

* Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

* The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—

* Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

* Dealing

¹ *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify wantonly, but wickedly. The word is so used in old acts of parliament. A sort is a company.

- Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :
- Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;
- Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
- Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
- And other of your highness' privy council,
- As more at large your grace shall understand.
- *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
- Your lady is forth-coming² yet at London.
- This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;
- 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*

- *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart !
- Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :
- And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
- Or to the meanest groom.
- *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;
- Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !
- *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
- And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
- *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
- How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal :
- And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
- Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
- Noble she is ; but, if she have forgot
- Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
- As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
- I banish her, my bed, and company ;
- And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
- That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

- *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here :
- To-morrow, toward London, back again,
- To look into this business thoroughly,
- And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
- And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
- Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Extant.*

- That is, Your lady is in custody.

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 ' Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 ' In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 ' In craving your opinion of my title,
 ' Which is infallible³, to England's crown.

* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

' Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 ' The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
 ' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 ' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
 ' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
 ' The fifth, was Edmond Langley⁴, duke of York;
 ' The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
 ' William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 ' Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
 ' And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 ' Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
 ' Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 ' The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 ' Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 ' Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
 ' Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
 ' And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 ' Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;

* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

* *York.*

³ I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.—Surely he means his *title*. MALONE.

⁴ The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth son; and represented the Duke of York as Edward's second son.

- * *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
- * For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
- * The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
- * *Sal.* But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
- * *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
- * I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
- * Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
- * Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
- * Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
- * *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
- * As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
- * And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
- * Who kept him in captivity, till he died:
- * But, to the rest.
- * *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
- * My mother, being heir unto the crown,
- * Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
- * To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
- * By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
- * To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
- * Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
- * Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
- * So, if the issue of the elder son
- * Succeed before the younger, I am king.
- * *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
- * Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
- * The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
- * Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
- * It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
- * And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
- * Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
- * And, in this private plot^s, be we the first,
- * That shall salute our rightful sovereign
- * With honour of his birth-right to the crown.
- * *Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
- * *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
- * Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd

C 6

* With

* Sequester'd spot of ground.

SECOND PART OF

- * With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster :
- * And that's not suddenly to be perform'd ;
- * But with advice, and silent secrecy.
- * Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
- * Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
- * At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
- * At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
- * Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
- * That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey :
- * 'Tis that they seek ; and they, in seeking that,
- * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
- * *Sal.* My lord, break we off ; we know your mind at full.
- * *War.* My heart assures me ⁶, that the earl of Warwick
- * Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
- * *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
- * Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
- * The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the Dutchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

- * *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife :
- * In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
- * Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
- * Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
- * You four, from hence to prison back again ;
- [*to Jourd. &c.*]
- * From thence, unto the place of execution :
- * The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
- * And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—

* You
 * Instead of this couplet, we find in the old play no less than *ten* lines ; so that if we suppose that piece to be an imperfect transcript of this, we must acknowledge the transcriber had a good *spag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or seen.

- * You, madam, for you are more nobly born, [*to the Dut.*
- * Despoiled of your honour in your life,
- * Shall, after three days' open penance⁷ done,
- * Live in your country here, in banishment,
- * With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
- * *Dutch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

- * *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
- * I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the Dutchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*
- * Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
- * Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
- * Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
- * I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
- * Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease⁸.
- * *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
- * Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
- * Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
- * My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
- * And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
- * Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

- * *2 Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
- * Should be to be protected like a child.—
- * God and king Henry govern England's realm⁹:
- * Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
- * *Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
- * As willingly do I the same resign,
- * As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
- And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
- As others would ambitiously receive it.
- * Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
- May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

* *2 Mar.*

7 In the original play the king particularly specifies the *mode* of penance. "Thou shalt *two* days do penance barefoot, in the streets, with a white sheet," &c.

8 That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease.

9 The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.*

- * *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;
- * And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
- * That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once,—
- * His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off ;
- * This staff of honour raught⁹ :—There let it stand,
- * Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
- * *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays ;
- * Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days¹.
- * *York.* Lords, let him go².—Please it your majesty,
- * This is the day appointed for the combat ;
- * And ready are the appellant and defendant,
- * The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
- * So please your highness to behold the fight.
- * *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
- * Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.
- * *K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit ;
- * Here let them end it, and God defend the right !
- * *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested³,
- * Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
- * The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it⁴ ; a drum before him ; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in
a cup

⁹ *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser.

¹ Eleanor was certainly not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *its* ;—a licence which Shakspeare often takes. Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngest days of power. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue.

² i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.

³ In a worse plight.

⁴ As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the

a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco^s.

3. *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, I pray * you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this * world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have,—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—*Sirrah*, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: * and touching the duke of York,—will take * my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a

Downright the lance and sword;—so those of inferior rank fought with an ebony staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines:

“Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
“As men with sand-bags did of old.”

Mr. Symphon, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice.

^s Charneco was, I believe, a sweet wine. It is very often mentioned by old writers, but none of the passages in which it is mentioned, that I have seen, ascertain either its quality, or the country where it was produced. MALONE.

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downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart⁶.

* *York*. Dispatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double⁷.

* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his master.*

Har. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

* *York*. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

* *Pet.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt⁸:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exit.

⁶ *Ascapart*—the giant of this story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

“Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw

“Charing-cross for a bar,” &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEVENS.

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance, and therefore I have admitted Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

⁷ So, in *Hollinshed*, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.—“When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was there-with distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant he lived not long,” &c.

⁸ According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The same. A street.**Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

- * *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
 - * And, after summer, evermore succeeds
 - * Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
 - * So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet⁹.—
- Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

- * *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
 - * To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:
 - * Uneath¹ may she endure the flinty streets,
 - * To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
- Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
- * But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
 - * My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

- * *Glo.* No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.
 - Dutch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
- Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
- * See, how the giddy multitude do point,
 - * And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
 - * Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

* And

⁹ To *flee* is to change. Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes to *flee* (as here used) to be the same as to *flit*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state; to pass away.

¹ I. e. scarcely. *Uneath* is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*.

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‘ And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Dutch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy marry’d wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
‘ Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail’d up in shame², with papers on my back;

* And follow’d with a rabble, that rejoice

* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

‘ And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

‘ Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

* Trow’st thou, that e’er I’ll look upon the world;

* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I’ll say, I am duke Humphrey’s wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul’d, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess,

‘ Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

‘ With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim’d bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they’ll tangle thee:

* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar’d,

* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;

* I must offend, before I be attained:

* And had I twenty times so many foes,

* And

² Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance.

- * And each of them had twenty times their power,
- * All these could not procure me any scathe³,
- * So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
- * Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
- * Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
- * But I in danger for the breach of law.
- * Thy greatest help is quiet⁴, gentle Nell:
- * I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
- * These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

- * *Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
- * And fir John Stanley is appointed now
- * To take her with him to the isle of Man.

* *Glo.* Must you, fir John, protect my lady here?

* *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again⁵;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, fir John, farewell.

Dutch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

* *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]

- * *Dutch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!
- * For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
- * Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

* Because

³ *Scathe* is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word.

⁴ The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the dutches, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved.

⁵ That is, The world may look again favourably upon me.

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- * Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
- * Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence ;
- * I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
- * Only convey me where thou art commanded.
- * *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man ;
- * There to be us'd according to your state.
- * *Dutch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
- * And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?
- * *Stan.* Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
- * According to that state you shall be us'd.
- * *Dutch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
- * Although thou hast been conduct of my shame¹ !
- * *Sher.* It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.
- * *Dutch.* Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.—
- * Come, Stanley, shall we go ?
- * *Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
- * And go we to attire you for our journey.
- * *Dutch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
- * No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
- * And shew itself, attire me how I can.
- * Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison². [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

- * *K. Hen.* I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come :
- * 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
- * Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
- * *Q. Mar.* Can you not see ? or will you not observe

* —conduct of my shame¹ ! That is, *conductor*.

² This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirous in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspeare ; for these words are not in the old play. MALONE.

' The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
 ' With what a majesty he bears himself;
 ' How insolent of late he is become,
 ' How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
 ' We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
 ' And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
 ' Immediately he was upon his knee,
 ' That all the court admir'd him for submission;
 ' But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 ' When every one will give the time of day,
 ' He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
 ' And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 ' Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 ' Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
 ' But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
 ' And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 ' First, note, that he is near you in descent;
 ' And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 ' Me seemeth^s then, it is no policy,—
 ' Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 ' And his advantage following your decease,—
 ' That he should come about your royal person,
 ' Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 ' By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
 ' And, when he please to make commotion,
 ' 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 ' Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 ' Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 ' And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 ' The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
 ' Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 ' If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
 ' Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 ' I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
 ' My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
 ' Reprove my allegation, if you can;
 ' Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf.

^s That is, it seemeth to me: a word more grammatical than *seems*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

* *Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
 * And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale⁹.

* The dutchess, by his subornation,
 * Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 * Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 * Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
 * (As next the king, he was successive heir,)
 * And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 * Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
 * By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
 * And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 * Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 * Levy great sums of money through the realm,
 * For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 * By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

* *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown.
 * Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Hum-
 phrey.

* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
 * To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 * Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
 * Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 * From meaning treason to our royal person
 * As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
 * The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
 * To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
 affiance!

* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 * For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

* Is

⁹ Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First.

- * Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
- * For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
- * Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
- * Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
- * Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

* *Som.* That all your interest in these territories

* Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England¹.

* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:

* But I will remedy this gear² ere long,

* Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Afide*]

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my lord, that I have staid so long.

* *Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

* Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

* *Glo.* Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

* The purest spring is not so free from mud,

* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo.

¹ These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss.

² *Gear* was a general word for things or matters.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it!

- I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
- Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
- So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
- Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
- That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
- Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
- Be brought against me at my trial day!
- No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
- Because I would not tax the needy commons,
- Have I dispurst to the garrisons,
- And never ask'd for restitution.

* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;

- For I should melt at an offender's tears,
- And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
- Unless it were a bloody murderer,
- Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
- I never gave them condign punishment:
- Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
- Above the felon, or what trespass else.

* *Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy³, quickly answer'd:

- But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
- Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
- I do arrest you in his highness' name;
- And here commit you to my lord cardinal
- To keep, until your further time of trial.

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
• That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!

- Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
- And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
- Foul subornation is predominant,

* And

³ *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author.

* And equity exil'd your highness' land.
 * I know, their complot is to have my life;
 * And, if my death might make this island happy,
 * And prove the period of their tyranny,
 * I would expend it with all willingness:
 * But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 * For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 * Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 * Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 * And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 * Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 * The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 * And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 * Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 * By false accuse doth level at my life:—
 * And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 * Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
 * And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
 * My liefeft * liege to be mine enemy:—
 * Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 * Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 * And all to make away my guiltless life:
 * I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 * Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 * The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
 * If those, that care to keep your royal person
 * From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 * Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 * And the offender granted scope of speech,
 * 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 * With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 * As if she had suborned some to swear
 * False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

* *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—

Vol. V.

D

* *Beshrew*

* — *liefeft*—] is *dearest*.

- * Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!—
- * And well such losers may have leave to speak.
- Buck.* He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
- * Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
- * *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
- Glo.* Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
- * Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
- * And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
- * Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
- * For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

- * Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
- * My body round engirt with misery;
- * For what's more miserable than discontent?—
- * Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
- * The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
- * And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
- * That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith,
- * What lowering star now envies thy estate,
- * That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
- * Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
- * Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
- * And as the butcher takes away the calf,
- * And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays;
- * Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
- * Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
- * And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

* Looking

* It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands.

- * Looking the way her harmless young one went,
- * And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
- * Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
- * With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
- * Look after him, and cannot do him good;
- * So mighty are his vowed enemies.
- * His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
- * Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

* *2. Mar.* Free lords⁶, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

- * Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
- * Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
- * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
- * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank⁷,
- * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
- * That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
- * Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
- * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
- * 'This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- * To rid us from the fear we have of him.

* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;

- * But yet we want a colour for his death:
- * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:

- * The king will labour still to save his life,
- * The commons haply rise to save his life;
- * And yet we have but trivial argument,
- * More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.

* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death⁸.—

* But

⁶ By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world, and know how to live.

⁷ i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank.

⁸ Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

SECOND PART OF

- * But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
- * Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
- * Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
- * To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
- * As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
- Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
- * *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness
- then,
- * To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
- * Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
- * His guilt should be but idly posted over,
- * Because his purpose is not executed.
- * No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
- * By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
- * Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
- * As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege⁹.
- * And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
- * Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
- * Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
- * So he be dead; for that is good deceit
- * Which mates him first, that first intends deceit¹.
- * *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
- * *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;
- * For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

* But,

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had propos'd to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. STEEVENS.

⁹ The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime. Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out.

JOHNSON.

¹ *To mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill.

MALONE.

Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. *To mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PRATT.

- * But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
- * Seeing the deed is meritorious,
- * And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
- * Say but the word, and I will be his priest².
- * *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
- * Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
- * Say, you consent, and censure well the deed³;
- * And I'll provide his executioner,
- * I tender so the safety of my liege.
- * *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
- * *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
- * *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it.
- * It skills not⁴ greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

- * *Mes.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
- * To signify—that rebels there are up,
- * And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
- * Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime;
- * Before the wound do grow incurable;
- * For, being green, there is great hope of help.
- * *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient⁵ stop!
- * What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
- * *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
- * 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
- * Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
- * *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,
- * Had been the regent there instead of me,
- * He never would have staid in France so long.
- * *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
- * Brather would have lost my life betimes,
- * Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
- * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
- * Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
- * Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

D 3

* *Q. Mar.*

² I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see.

³ That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good.

⁴ *It skills not—*] It is of no importance.

⁵ *—expedient—*] i. e. expeditious.

- *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire;
 * If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
 * No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
 * Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 * Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!

* *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

* *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

- * The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
 * And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
 * To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 * Collected choicely, from each county some,
 * And try your hap against the Irishmen?

* *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

* *Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent;

- * And, what we do establish, he confirms:
 * Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

* *York.* I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,

- * Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

* *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

- * But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

* *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,

- * That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.

- * And so break off; the day is almost spent:

- * Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

* *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

- * At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

- * For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

* *Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

* *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

- * And change misdoubt to resolution:

- * Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art

- * Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:

- * Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

- * And find no harbour in a royal heart.

- * Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;

- * And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

* My

- * My brain, more busy than the labouring spider;
- * Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
- * Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
- * To send me packing with an host of men:
- * I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
- * Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
- 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
- ' I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
- ' You put sharp weapons in a mad man's hands.
- ' Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
- * I will stir up in England some black storm,
- * Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
- * And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
- * Until the golden circuit on my head,
- * Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
- * Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw⁶.
- ' And, for a minister of my intent,
- ' I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
- ' John Cade of Ashford,
- ' To make commotion, as full well he can,
- ' Under the title of John Mortimer.
- * In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
- * Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
- * And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
- * Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
- * And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
- * Caper upright like a wild Morisco⁷,
- * Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
- * Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
- * Hath he conversed with the enemy;
- * And undiscover'd come to me again,
- * And given me notice of their villainies.

D 4

* This

⁶ *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.

⁷ A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morris* bells are mentioned. As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their publick festivals.

SECOND PART OF

- * This devil here shall be my substitute ;
- * For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
- * In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble :
- * By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
- * How they affect the house and claim of York.
- * Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;
- * I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
- * Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
- * Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
- * Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
- * And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
- * For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
- * And Henry put apart, the next for me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

- * 1. *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,
- * We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
- * 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we done ?
- * Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

- * 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
- * *Suf.* Now, firs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?
- * 1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
- * *Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
- * I will reward you for this venturous deed.
- * The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
- * Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
- * According as I gave directions ?
- * 1. *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
- * *Suf.* Away, be gone ! *[Exeunt Murderers.]*

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
- * Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

[If]

‘ If he be guilty, as ’tis published.

‘ *Suf.* I’ll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

‘ *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,

‘ Proceed no straiter ’gainst our uncle Gloster,

‘ Than from true evidence, of good esteem;

‘ He be approv’d in practice culpable.

* *Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail;

* That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

‘ How now? why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

‘ Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

* *Car.* God’s secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The king swoons.*]

‘ *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, open thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now^s to sing a raven’s note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

‘ Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar’d words.

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent’s sting.

D 5

Thou

^s — right now—] Just now, even now.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

• Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

• Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

• Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—

• Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,

• And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

* Although the duke was enemy to him,

* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:

* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,

* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

* And all to have the noble duke alive.

• What know I how the world may deem of me?

• For it is known, we were but hollow friends;

• It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:

* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!

* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

• K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is⁹.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?¹

* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

* Erect his statue then, and worship it,

* And make my image but an ale-house sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;

• And

⁹ That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

¹ This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. may receive an odd illustration from a passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice of any true decision."

* And twice by aukward wind from England's bank
 * Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 * Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 * What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gasts,
 * And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
 * And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
 * Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 * Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 * But left that hateful office unto thee:
 * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 * Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
 * With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
 * The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands;
 * And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 * Might in thy palace perish Margaret².
 * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
 * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 * And when the dusky sky began to rob
 * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 * I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 * And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it;
 * And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
 * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 * To fit and witch me, as Afcanius did,
 * When he to madding Dido, would unfold
 * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?

D 6

* Ah

² The sense seems to be this — The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom.

³ The verb *perish* is here used actively.

- * Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
- * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

- * *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
- * That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
- * By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
- * The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
- * That want their leader, scatter up and down,
- * And care not who they sting in his revenge.
- * Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
- * Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry⁴:

- * Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
- * And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.]

- * *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
- * My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
- * Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
- * If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
- * For judgment only doth belong to thee!
- * Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
- * With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain⁵
- * Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
- * To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
- * And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
- * But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
- * And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
- * What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

⁴ The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables.

⁵ This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is drain'd, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of dropping, or disfilling.

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and Others standing by it*⁶.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;

* For seeing him, I see my life in death⁷.

* *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live

* With that dread King, that took our state upon him

* To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

* I do believe that violent hands were laid

* Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

* *Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

* What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

* *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost⁸;

OF

⁶ This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shews Duke Humphry in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, "to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*. MALONE.

⁷ I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my life *expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

The poet's meaning is, *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death*. PERCY.

⁸ All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

A *timely-parted ghost* means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeless* end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—"As guilty of duke Humphrey's *timeless death*." MALONE.

- Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
- Being all⁹ descended to the labouring heart ;
- Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
- Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
- Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
- To blush and beautify the cheek again.
- But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
- His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
- Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :
- His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
- His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
- And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
- Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
- His well proportion'd beard¹ made rough and rugged,
- Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
- It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
- The least of all these signs were probable.

• *Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?

• Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection ;

• And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

• *War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's
foes ;

• And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :

• 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;

• And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

• *2. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

• *2. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk ? where's your
knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suf.

⁹ That is, the blood being all descended, the substantive being comprized in the adjective *bloodless*.

¹ His beard nicely trimmed and adjusted.

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild;
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

- * Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
- * And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

- * *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

* Thrice

- * Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
- * And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
- * Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[A noise within.]

2. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

- * K. Hen. Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn
- * Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—
- * Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?
- Suf.* The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
- Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

- * Sal. Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—
- Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
- Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
- Or banished fair England's territories,
- * They will by violence tear him from your palace,
- * And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
- They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;
- * They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;
- * And were instinct of love, and loyalty,—
- * Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
- * As being thought to contradict your liking,—
- * Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
- * They say, in care of your most royal person,
- * That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
- * And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
- * In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
- * Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
- * Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
- * That slyly glided towards your majesty,
- * It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
- * Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
- * The mortal worm² might make the sleep eternal :

* And

² Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*.

Mortal is here, as in many other places, *deadly*.

- * And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
- * That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
- * From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
- * With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
- * Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
- * They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign:
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator³ you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort⁴ of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
- * I thank them for their tender loving care:
- * And had I not been 'cited so by them,
- * Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
- * For, fare, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
- * Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
- * And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,
- * Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
- * He shall not breathe infection in this air⁵
- * But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

* *2. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

- * *K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
- * No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
- * Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
- * Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
- * But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
- * If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found!
- * On any ground that I am ruler of,
- * The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

* Come,

³ *Quaint* for dextrous, artificial.

⁴ —a sort—] is a company.

⁵ That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

- Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
 • I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

- *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!⁶
 • Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 • Be play-fellows to keep you company!
 • There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 • And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 • *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 • And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
 • *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
 • Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan?

• I would invent as bitter searching terms,

• As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

• With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!⁷

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees⁸!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their

⁶ In the original play the queen is still more violent:

"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!"

⁷ The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

⁸ Most of these execrations are used, in the very words of Shakespeare, by Lee, in his *Cæsar Borgia*, Act IV.

⁹ *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings¹!
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

2. *Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

- * And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
- * Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
- * And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave²?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* 2. *Mar.* O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,

- * That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
- * Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
- * To wash away my woeful monuments.
- * O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand; [*kisses his hand.*]
- * That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
- * Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee³!
- * So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
- * 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
- * As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
- * I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
- * Adventure to be banished myself:
- * And banished I am, if but from thee.

* *Ge.*

¹ It has been said of the *basilisk* that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive.

² This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

³ That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play.

- * Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
- * O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
- * Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- * Lother a hundred times to part than die.
- * Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
- Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once, by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
- * 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
- * A wilderness is populous enough,
- * So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
- * For where thou art, there is the world itself,
- * With every several pleasure in the world;
- * And where thou art not, desolation.
- * I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
- * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

* *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
* For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
* That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
* Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
* Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
* Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his over-charged soul:
* And I am sent to tell his majesty,
* That even now he cries aloud for him.

* *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.]

* Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?

* But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss?

[Omitting.]

* I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

* Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 * Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 * And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
 * Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
 * Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming;
 * If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

* *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
 * And in thy fight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 * As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
 Where, from thy fight⁵, I should be raging mad,
 * And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 * To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 * So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul⁶,
 * Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death:
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

* *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive⁷,
 * It is applied to a deathful wound.
 * To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 * For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris⁸ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even

⁵ In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is used instead of *whereas*. It is so used here.

⁶ Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloise to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

"Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul."

⁷ This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced, *corfive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so pronounced here. MALONE.

⁸ *Iris* was the messenger of Juno.

SECOND PART OF

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

2. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally*]

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? I speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

* *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

* Enough to purchase such another island,

* So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

* Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

* Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

* Alive again? then shew me where he is;

* I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

* Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

* Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

* Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

* Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

* *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

* Lord

* This scene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired.

KING HENRY VI.

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- * Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
- * Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
- * He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
- * *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life,
- * *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
- * Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
- * And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea*³. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen prisoners.

- * *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing⁴, and remorseful day
- * Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

* And

¹ This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

² The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune would not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years] should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre apperteyning to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken off, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde college in Suffolke, and there buried."

³ Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drums, trumpet, and target."

⁴ The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*.

SECOND PART OF

- * And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
- * That drag the tragick melancholy night;
- * Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
- * Clip dead men's graves^s, and from their misty jaws
- * Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
- * Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
- * For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
- * Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
- * Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
- * Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
- * And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
- * The other, [*pointing to Suffolk.*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

* 1. *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

* *Mastr.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

* *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;

* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

* Cannot be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

* 1. *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

* 2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

* *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

* And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*to Suf.*

* And so should these, if I might have my will.

* *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

* *Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

* Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

* *Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.

* How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

* *Suf.* Thy name affrights me^s, in whose sound is death.

* A cunning

* The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons.

* But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "*Walter Whickmore*," Suffolk immediately exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name"

- * A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 * And told me—that by *Water* I should die⁷ :
 * Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
 * Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly founded.
 * *Whit. Gualtier, or Walter*, which it is, I care not ;
 * Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 * But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;
 * Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 * Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 * And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

[*lays hold on Suffolk.*]

* *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

* *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags !

* *Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
 Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I ?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

* *Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,

* Must not be shed by such a jaded groom⁸.
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup ?

* Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
 * And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

* How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 * Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

* When I have feasted with queen Margaret ?

* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;

* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride⁹ :

* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

* And duly waited for my coming forth ?

* This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

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E

* And

name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.

⁷ — by *Water*.] See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

⁸ — a *jaded groom*.] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horses ; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words seem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivocal. MALONE.

⁹ Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time.

SECOND PART OF

- * And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue¹.
 * *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
 * *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 * *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
 * Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord²?
 * Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 * Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 * Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 * For swallowing³ the treasure of the realm:
 * Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 * And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
 * Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain⁴,
 * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 * For daring to affy⁵ a mighty lord
 * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 * And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
 * With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart,
 * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
 * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 * Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
 * Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
 * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

* The

¹ i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age.

² The dissimilitude of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole, kennel, puddle.*

In the old play the reply of the captain is—

“Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sink and dirt.”

He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c.

* From hence to the end of this speech is undoubtedly the original composition of Shakspeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play.

⁵ To affy is to betroth in marriage.

- * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
- * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
- * As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
- * And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
- * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
- * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
- * Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
- * Advance our half-fac'd sun⁶, striving to shine,
- * Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
- * The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
- * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
- * Is crept into the palace of our king,
- * And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.
- * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
- * Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
- * Small things make base men proud : ' this villain here,
- * Being captain of a pinnace⁷, threatens more
- * Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate⁸.
- * Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
- * It is impossible, that I should die
- * By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
- * Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me⁹ :
- * I go

⁶ " Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." Camden's *Remaines*.

⁷ A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen.

⁸ " *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*" Cicero de *Officiis*, lib. ii. cap. 11.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto, but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,

The great Macedonian pirate.

He is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean."

⁹ This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what

- * I go of message from the queen to France ;
 * I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
Cap. Walter,—
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
 * *Suf. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus:—*'tis thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
 * What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1. Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 * Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 * Far be it, we should honour such as these
 * With humble suit: no, rather let my head
 * Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 * Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
 * And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 * Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 * True nobility is exempt from fear:—
 * More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
 * That this my death may never be forgot!—
 * Great men oft die by vile bezonians¹:
 * A Roman sworder² and banditto slave
 * Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand³
 * Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
 * Pompey the great⁴: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit *SUF.* with Whitmore and others.]

Cap.

what remorse, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to shew to his assailant; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his captive, —thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion.

¹ *Bisognofo*, is a mean low man.

² i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers.

³ Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar.

⁴ The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.

* *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
* Until the queen his mistress bury it. *[Exit.]*

* *1. Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
* His body will I bear unto the king:
* If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
* So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit, with the body.]

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

* *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
* a lath; they have been up these two days.

* *John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

* *Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to
* dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
* nap upon it.

* *John.* So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentle-
men came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
* handicrafts-men.

* *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather a-
* prons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good work-
* men.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vo-
* cation:

E 3

concluded. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable.

Pompey being killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North's translation of Plutarch) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

* cation : which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates
 * be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magi-
 * strates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a
 * brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son,
 * the tanner of Wingham ;—

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
 * dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniqui-
 * ty's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver :—

* *Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the
 weaver, and others in great number.

* *Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed
 * father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings⁵. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* —for our enemies shall fall before us⁶, inspired
 * with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—
 * Command silence.

Dick. Silence !

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

* *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

* *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold
 many laces. [*Aside.*

* *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her
 * furr'd pack⁷, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.*

⁵ That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is
 now used, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

⁶ He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cade*, Lat. to fall. He has
 too much learning for his character.

⁷ — *furr'd pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair out-
 ward.

* *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage². [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof³. [*Aside.*]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops⁴; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

* *Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

* *Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

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Enter

¹ A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail-birds.

² A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.

³ See Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *boope*, and no more."

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies².

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations³, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.
—Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters⁴;—
'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confes'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down:
He

² We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in.

³ That is, bonds.

⁴ i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts.

* He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight,—is 'a?

* *Mich.* No.

* * *Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his Brother, with drum and forces.

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not^s;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

* *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;
* And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

* *W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

* *Staf.* Ay, fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

* *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

* The elder of them, being put to nurse,

* Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

* And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

* Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

* His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

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* *Staf.*

* I pay them no regard,

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
 * That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, firrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

* *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

* *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd⁶, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

* *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

* *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Affail them with the army of the king.

* *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
 * Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
 * That those, which fly before the battle ends,
 * May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
 * Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
 * And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
 * Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

* *We*

⁶ —is England maim'd,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; C. W. 1595:

“Anjou and Maine, the maim that foul appears—,” MALONE,

- * We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :
- * Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;
- * For they are thrifty honest men, and such
- * As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
- * *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.
- * *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most
- * out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

- * *Alarums.* *The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.*

- * *Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?
- * *Dick.* Here, sir.
- * *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
- * thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
- * slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—
- * The Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou
- * shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.
- * *Dick.* I desire no more.
- * *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.
- * This monument of the victory will I bear⁷ ; and the bo-
- * dies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, till I do come
- * to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne
- * before us.
- * *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
- * the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
- * *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
- * march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour.

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

- * *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,
- * And makes it fearful and degenerate;
- * Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
- * But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
- * Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
- * But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

- * *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
- * For God forbid, so many simple souls
- * Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
- * Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
- * Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
- * But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

- * Rul'd, like a wandering planet⁸, over me;
- * And could it not enforce them to relent,
- * That were unworthy to behold the same?

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

* *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter

* Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

* *Mef.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

* Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

* Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;

* And calls your grace usurper, openly,

* And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

* His army is a ragged multitude

* Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:

* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

* Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:

* All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

* They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,

* Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *2. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,

* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

* Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;

* The fight of me is odious in their eyes:

* And therefore in this city will I stay,

* And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* *2. Mef.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

* *2. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

* *K. Hen.*

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- * *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord Say.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.
 * *Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.
 * *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
 * And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
 But I am troubled here with them myself,
 The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
 And so farewel, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first-year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you

* *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire⁹; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. *Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.*

Cade. So, fir:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

* *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth².

* *John.* Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[*Aside.*]

* *Smith.*

⁹ — *set London-bridge on fire;*] At that time *London-bridge* was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw-bridge*." The houses on *London-bridge* were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished.

¹ "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635.

² This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies all the lawes of England should come forth of his mouth." *

SECOND PART OF

* *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his
 * breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away,
 * burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be
 * the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, un-
 * less his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*]

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in com-
 * mon.

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mes.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say,
 * which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay
 * one and twenty fifteens³, and one shilling to the pound,
 * the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord SAY.

* *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
 * Ah, thou say, thou serge⁴, nay, thou buckram lord!
 * now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
 * What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up
 * of Normandy unto mounseur Basimecu, the dauphin of
 * France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even
 * the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that
 * must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art.
 * Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the
 * realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,
 * before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score
 * and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used⁵;
 * and,

³ A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. MALONE.

⁴ It appears from Minshew's Dict. 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

⁵ — *printing to be used*;] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

KING HENRY VI.

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and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity⁶, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them⁷; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth⁸, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak⁹, when honefter men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

* Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

* Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

* Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

* Kent,

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

"Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf."

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a castle at the same period "with cloth of Arras and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes.

⁶ "Against the peace of the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity," is the regular language of indictments.

⁷ That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

⁸ A *footcloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace.

⁹ This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

SECOND PART OF

- * Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
 * Is term'd the civil¹st place of all this isle²:
 * Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
 * The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
 * Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
 * I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
 * Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
 * Justice with favour have I always done;
 * Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
 * When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 * Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
 * Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
 * Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
 * And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 * Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
 * Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 * You cannot but forbear to murder me.
 * This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
 * For your behoof,—
 * * Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
 * * Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I
 struck
 * Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
 * * Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!
 * * Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your
 good².
 * * Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make
 'em red again.
 * * Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
 * Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
 * * Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
 help of a hatchet³.
 * * Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

* Say.

¹ So, in Cæsar's *Comment. B. V.* "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the civilest are the Kentishfolke."

² —for watching—] That is, in consequence of watching.

³ To cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head.

* *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me?

* *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

* These hands are free from guiltless⁴ blood-shedding.

* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words: but

* I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so

* well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar

* under his tongue⁵; he speaks not o'God's name. Go,

* take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;

* and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James

* Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both

* upon two poles hither.

* *All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

* How would it fare with your departed souls?

* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

* The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on

* his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not

* a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-

* head ere they have it⁶: Men shall hold of me *in capite*;

* and

⁴ *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or *innocent* blood.

⁵ A *familiar* is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call.

⁶ Alluding to an ancient usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See Blount's *Glossographia*, 8vo, 1681, in v. *Marcbeta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057.

Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in *England*, though he supposes it certainly did in *Scotland*.

* and we charge and command, that their wives be as
 * free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

* *Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and
 * take up commodities upon our bills? ⁷

* *Cade.* Marry, presently.

* *All.* O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his son-
 in-law.*

* *Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one an-
 * other; for they loved well, when they were alive. Now
 * part them again, lest they consult about the giving up
 * of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil
 * of the city until night: for with these borne before us,
 * instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and,
 * at every corner, have them kiss. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement.

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus' corner!
 * kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*

* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound
 * retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with forces.

* *Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
 Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
 * Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
 * And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
 * That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

* *Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
 * And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
 * Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
 * Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling

⁷ This is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with
 which the commons were anciently armed.

• Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!

• Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

• Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,

• Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

• *All.* God save the king! God save the king!

• *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?

• will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about

• your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through

• London gates, that you should leave me at the White-

• hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have

• given out these arms, till you had recover'd your anci-

• ent freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards;

• and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them

• break your backs with burdens, take your houses over

• your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before

• your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and

• so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

• *All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

• *Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,

• That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?

• Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

• And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

• Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;

• Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,

• Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

• Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,

• The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

• Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

• Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

• I see them lording it in London streets,

• Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.

• Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

• Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

• To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

• Spare England, for it is your native coast:

• Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

• God on our side, doubt not of victory.

• *All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,

• and Clifford.

• *Cade.*

SECOND PART OF

* *Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
 * as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
 * them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
 * me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to
 * surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is
 * no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have
 * through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour
 * be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only
 * my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me
 * betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

* *Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
 * And he, that brings his head unto the king,
 * Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[Exeunt some of them.]
 * Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 * To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
 on the terrace of the Castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
 * And could command no more content than I?
 * No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
 * But I was made a king, at nine months old:
 * Was never subject long'd to be a king,
 * As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
 * *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade sur-
 priz'd?
 * Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of Cade's followers, with
 halters about their necks.*

* *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
 * And humbly thus with halters on their necks
* Expect

- * Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
- * *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
- * To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
- * Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
- * And shew'd how well you love your prince and country;
- * Continue still in this so good a mind,
- * And Henry, though he be infortunate,
- * Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
- * And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
- * I do dismiss you to your several countries.
- All.* God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

- * *Me.* Please it your grace to be advertised,
- * The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
- * And with a puissant and a mighty power,
- * Of galloglass⁸, and stout kerns⁹,
- * Is marching hitherward in proud array;
- * And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
- * His arms are only to remove from thee
- * The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
- * *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state⁹, 'twixt Cade and York
- distress'd;
- * Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
- * Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate¹:
- * But now² is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
- * And now is York in arms, to second him.—

* I pray

⁸ These were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. "The galloglasse useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kernes* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne [Kigheyren] signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanishurst's *Description of Ireland*, Ch. 8. f. 28.

⁹ By my *state* Henry, means, *his realm*; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble.

¹ i. e. Is straitway becalm'd.—"With a pirate" agreeably to the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, means "by a pirate."

² But is here not adverbative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed.

SECOND PART OF

- * I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;
- * And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
- * Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
- * And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
- * Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
- * *Som.* My lord,
- * I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
- * Or unto death, to do my country good.
- * *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
- * For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
- * *Buck.* I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
- * As all things shall redound unto your good.
- * *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to governa
better ;
- * For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Kent. *Iden's Garden.**Enter CADE.*

- * *Cade.* Fie on ambition ! fie on myself ; that have a
- * sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days
- * have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not peep out,
- * for all the country is lay'd for me ; but now am I so
- * hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
- * thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
- * a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden ; to see if
- * I can eat grass, or pick a sallot another while, which
- * is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
- * And, I think, this word sallot was born to do me good :
- * for, many a time, but for a sallot, my brain-pan^s had
- * been cleft with a brown bill ; and, many a time, when
- * I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served
- * me instead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the
- * word sallot must serve me to feed on.

Enter

^s — but for a sallot, my brain-pan, &c.] A sallot is a helmet.
The word came to us from the French, *Salade*.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

* *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 * And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
 * This small inheritance, my father left me,
 * Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 * I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
 * Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy⁴;
 * Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
 * And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
 * *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for
 * a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah,
 * villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns
 * of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make
 * thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword
 * like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

* *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 * I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee ?
 * Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
 * And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 * Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 * But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
 broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
 eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
 men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,
 I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

* *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 * Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 * See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
 * Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
 * Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 * Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
 * My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 * And if mine arm be heaved in the air,

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* Thy

* Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium or envy I may
 incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be.

- ' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 ' As for words, whose greatness answers words⁵,
 ' Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion
 * that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
 ' not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou
 ' sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou
 ' may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*
 ' O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me:
 ' let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 ' but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
 ' Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to
 ' all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd
 ' soul of Cade is fled.

' *Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
 ' Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 ' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
 * Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
 * But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 * To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

' *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory:
 ' Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and ex-
 ' hort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd
 ' any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me⁶, heaven be my
 judge.
 * Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
 * And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 * So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 ' Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels⁷
 ' Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
 ' And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

' Which

⁵ For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.

⁶ That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory.

⁷ By headlong the poet meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy dead body shall be laid; the dunghill shall be the only grave which thou shalt have.

- Which I will bear in triumph to the king.
- Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.

- *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
- And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
- Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
- To entertain great England's lawful king.
- Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
- Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
- This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
- I cannot give due action to my words,
- Except a sword, or scepter, balance it^s.
- A scepter shall it have, have I a soul^o;
- On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

- Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
- The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
- *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
- *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
- Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
- *Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
- To know the reason of these arms in peace;

F 2

• Or

- That is, Balance my hand,
- If I have a soul, my hand shall not be without a scepter.

STEEVENS.

York means, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.

- * Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
- * Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
- * Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
- * Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

* *York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

- * O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
- * I am so angry at these abject terms;
- * And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
- * On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
- * I am far better born than is the king;
- * More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
- * But I must make fair weather yet a while,
- * Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

Aside.

- * O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
- * That I have given no answer all this while;
- * My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
- * The cause why I have brought this army hither,
- * Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
- * Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

- * *Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
- * But if thy arms be to no other end,
- * The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
- * The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

- * *York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers,—
- * Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
- * Meet me to-morrow in saint George's field,
- * You shall have pay, and every thing you wish,—
- * And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
- * Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
- * As pledges of my fealty and love,
- * I'll send them all as willing as I live;
- * Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
- * Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

- * *Buck.* *York,* I commend this kind submission:
- * We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

* *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 ' That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,
 * *York* doth present himself unto your highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost
 bring?

* *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
 ' And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 ' Who since I hear'd to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

* *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 ' May pass into the presence of a king,

' Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 ' The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

* *K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great God, how just
 art thou!—

' O, let me view his visage being dead,
 ' That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 ' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

* *Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

* *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;
 ' A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
 ' He were created knight for his good service.

* *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up a
 knight.

' We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

' And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

* *Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

' And never live but true unto his liege!

* *K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the
 queen;

' Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

F 3

Enter

¹ Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

- * *Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
- * But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
- * *York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?
- * Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
- * And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
- * Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
- * False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
- * Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
- * King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
- * Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
- * Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
- * That head of thine doth not become a crown;
- * Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
- * And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
- * That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
- * Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
- * Is able with the change to kill and cure.
- * Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
- * And with the same to act controlling laws.
- * Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
- * O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
- * *Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
- * Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
- * Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
- * *York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these²,
- * If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
- * Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Exit an Attend.*]
- * I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
- * They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

* *Q. Mar.*

² — *first let me ask of these.*] By *these* Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes York means his knees, "on which he lays his hands, or at least points to them." I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line at the beginning of the speech. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unnecessary.

‘*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

- * To say, if that the bastard boys of York
- * Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
- * *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
- * Out-cast of Naples, England’s bloody scourge!
- * The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
- * Shall be their father’s bail; and bane to those
- * That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with forces, at one side; at the other, with forces also, old CLIFFORD and his son.

- * See, where they come; I’ll warrant, they’ll make it good.

* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

* *Cliff.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[Kneels.]

* *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

* Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

* We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

* For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

* *Cliff.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

* But thou mistak’st me much, to think I do:—

* To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour³

* Makes him oppose himself against his king.

* *Cliff.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

* And chop away that factious pate of his.

* *Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey;

* His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

* *York.* Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

F 4

* *Rich.*

³ The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. Shakspere was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play.

SECOND PART OF

- * *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall,
- * *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
- * *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
- * I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
- * Call hither to the stake my two brave bears⁴;
- * That, with the very shaking of their chains,
- * They may astonish these fell lurking curs⁵;
- * Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with forces.

- * *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
- * And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
- * If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
- * *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
- * Run back and bite, because he was withheld⁶;
- * Who, being suffer'd⁷ with the bear's fell paw,
- * Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
- * And such a piece of service will you do,
- * If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
- * *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
- * As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
- * *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
- * *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
- * *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
- * Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
- * Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
- * What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
- * And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
- * O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If

⁴ The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance.

⁵ Curs who are at once a compound of cruelty and treachery.

⁶ Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's Account of Queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind; and Laneham's Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle.

⁷ Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of suffering or pain. MALONE.

- * If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
- * Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
- * Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
- * And shame thine honourable age with blood?
- * Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
- * Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
- * For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
- * That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
- * *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
- * The title of this most renowned duke;
- * And in my conscience do repute his grace
- * The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
- * *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
- * *Sal.* I have.
- * *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
- * *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
- * But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
- * Who can be bound by any solemn vow
- * To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
- * To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
- * To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
- * To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
- * And have no other reason for this wrong,
- * But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
- * *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
- * *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
- * *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
- * I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.
- * *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
- * *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again.
- To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
- Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
- Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
- And that I'll write upon thy burgonet^s,
- Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
- War.* Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

F 5

The

* —burgonet,] is a helmet.

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
 (As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
 That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
 To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spight,
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick⁹, that's more than thou canst
 tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter

⁹ A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. This certainly is the meaning here. A *stigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616.

Enter CLIFFORD.

'War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

'War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.—

'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit WARWICK.]

'Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

'York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

'But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

'Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

'But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

'York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

'As I in justice and true right exprest it!

'Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

'York. A dreadful lay!—addresses thee instantly.

[They fight, and Clifford falls.]

'Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*

[Dies².]

'York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

'Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

F 6

* Fear

¹ A dreadful lay!—] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

² Dies.] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast

"Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,

"Were by the swords of common soldiers slain." PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in the *True tragedie of Richard Duke of York, &c.* on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

- * Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
- * Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
- * Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
- * Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
- * Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
- * He, that is truly dedicate to war,
- * Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
- * Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
- * The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[seeing his dead father.]

- * And the premised flames³ of the last day
- * Knit earth and heaven together!
- * Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
- * Particularities and petty sounds
- * To cease⁴!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
- * To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve⁵
- * The silver livery of advised age⁶;
- * And, in thy reverence⁷, and thy chair-days, thus
- * To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this fight,
- * My heart is turn'd to stone⁸: and, while 'tis mine,
- * It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
- * No more will I their babes: tears virginal
- * Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
- * And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
- * Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
- * Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
- * Meet I an infant of the house of York,
- * Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

* An

³ *Premised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

⁴ *To cease*!] is to *stop*, a verb active.

⁵ — *to achieve*] is, to obtain.

⁶ *Advised* is wise, experienced.

⁷ In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father,) "thou art indeed nearer to his reverence."

⁸ *My heart is turn'd to stone*:] So, in *Othello*: "—my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand."

- * As wild Medea young Absyrtus did⁹:
- * In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
- * Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[Taking up the body.
- * As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
- * So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
- * But then Æneas bare a living load,
- * Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

- * For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign²,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death².—
- * Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
- * Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.

- * Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away!
- * K. Hen. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
- * Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

* Now

⁹ When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. Ovid, *Trist.* III. 9.

¹ Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

“Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;

“For, underneath—” &c. MALONE.

² The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we meet with at the close of the first act of this play:

Let him *shun* castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles, mounted, stand.

i. e. the representation of a castle, mounted for a sign.

110 - SECOND PART OF

- * Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
- * To give the enemy way; and to secure us
- * By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

- * If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
- * Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
- * (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
- * We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
- * And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
- * May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

- * *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,
- * I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
- * But fly you must; incurable discomfit
- * Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
- * Away, for your relief! and we will live
- * To see their day, and them our fortune give:
- * Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

- * *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
- * That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
- * Aged contusions and all brush of time³;
- * And, like a gallant in the brow of youth⁴,
- * Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
- * Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
- * If Salisbury be lost.

* *Rich.* My noble father,

- * Three times to-day I help him to his horse,

* *Three*

³ The gradual detrition of time.

⁴ The brow of youth, is the height of youth, as the brow of a hill is its summit.

- * Three times bestrid him⁵, thrice I led him off,
- * Persuaded him from any further act:
- * But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
- * And like rich hangings in a homely house,
- * So was his will in his old feeble body.
- * But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

- * *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
- * By the ma's, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
- * God knows, how long it is I have to live;
- * And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
- * You have defended me from imminent death.—
- * Well, lords, we have not got that which we have⁶;
- * 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
- * Being opposites of such repairing nature⁷.
- * *York.* I know, our safety is to follow them;
- * For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
- * To call a present court of parliament⁸.

' Let

⁵ That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. Of this act of friendship, which Shakespeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find at the other side of this page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer.

⁶ i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the present piece, we meet with a similar expression:

“That oft they have not that which they possess.”

⁷ Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. To *repair* in our author's language is, to *renovate*.

⁸ The king and queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this?—The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the king does say, “he will call a parliament,” but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original.

‘ Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—

‘ What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my faith, lords, ’twas a glorious day:

Saint Albans’ battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eterniz’d in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets ;—and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*



113
1

K I N G H E N R Y V I .

P A R T I I I .



* * THE action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION*, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall, 1600.* On this piece Shakspeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. MALONE:

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1630, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

"For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone;

"The divine Shakspeare did not lay one stone."

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *K. Henry VI.* and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth:

Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.

Lewis XI. King of France.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

} Lords on King Henry's side.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King

Edward IV.

Edmund, Earl of Rutland,

George, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

} uncles to the Duke of York.

Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

Lord Rivers, brother to lady Grey. Sir William Stanley.

Sir John Montgomery. Sir John Somerville.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A son that has killed his father.

A father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.

Lady Grey, afterwards queen to Edward IV.

Bona, sister to the French queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

5
4

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then,
Enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NOR-
FOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with
white roses in their hats.

War. I Wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the
north,

He silyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
• Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
• Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
• Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
• Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
• Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
• That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*shewing his bloody sword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [to York, *shewing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*throwing down the duke of Somerset's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What,

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I,—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my
lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*]

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;

* But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

* *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

* The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells¹.

* I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish.

¹ The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

KING HENRY VI.

7

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd re-

venge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.†

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

• My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was².

Exe.

† York means that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother,

THIRD PART OF

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his foul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?

* If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York³;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth⁴,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And

ther; Anne Mortimer, the wife of the earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly asserts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as duke of York, but earl of March.

³ This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard duke of York was earl of Cambridge, and was never duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt.

⁴ The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade.

KING HENRY VI.

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, fith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to York.*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,

For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king^s.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

'For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

VOL. V.

G

War.

^s Henry is frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a word of three syllables.

THIRD PART OF

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown⁶?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

* *York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

* *War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

* Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

* *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word⁷;—

* Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

* *Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West.

⁶ Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

⁷ *He* is in this line, as in some other places, used as a dissyllable.

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* *West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

* And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*]

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge⁸, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

* The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

* And neither⁹ by treason, nor hostility,

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*coming from the throne.*]

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace him.

* *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Senet. The lords come forward.*]

* *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle¹.

G 2

War.

⁸ They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

⁹ Neither, either, whether, brother, rather, and many similar words, were used by Shakspeare as monosyllables;

¹ — I'll to my castle.] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

THIRD PART OF

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[*going.*]

* *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

* *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid.

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

* Rather than have made^a that savage duke thine heir,

* And disinherited thine only son.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:

* If you be king, why should not I succeed?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

* And given unto the house of York such head,

* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

* What

^a *Rather* is here used as a monosyllable.

- * What is it, but to make thy sepulchre³,
- * And creep into it far before thy time?
- * Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
- Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
- The duke is made protector of the realm;
- * And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
- * The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
- * Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
- * The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
- * Before I would have granted to that act.
- * But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
- * And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
- * Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
- * Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
- * Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

- * And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
- * And utter ruin of the house of York.
- * Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
- * Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.*]

- * *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
- * Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
- * Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
- * Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
- * Will cost my crown*, and, like an empty eagle,

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* Ti

³ The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life.

⁴ i. e. will cost me my crown; will induce on me the expence or loss of my crown.

THIRD PART OF

- * Tire on the flesh of me⁵, and of my son!
- * The loss of those three lords⁶ torments my heart:
- * I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
- * Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
- * *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.**Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

- * *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
- Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.
- Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

- * *York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother?⁷, at a strife?
- * What is your quarrel? how began it first?
- * *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.
- York.* About what?
- * *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
- * The crown of England, father, which is yours.
- * *York.* Mine, boy: not till king Henry be dead.
- * *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
- * *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
- * By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe;
- * It will outrun you, father, in the end.
- * *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
- * *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken;
- * I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
- * *Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
- * *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.
- * *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
- * *York.*

⁵ To tire is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*.—
 To tire is to peck. STEEVENS.

* That is, of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

⁷ It should be, sons and brothers; my sons, and brothers to each other.

KING HENRY VI.

15

- * *York*. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
- * *Rich*. An oath is of no moment³, being not took
- * Before a true and lawful magistrate,
- * That hath authority over him that swears:
- * Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
- * Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
- * Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
- * Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
- * How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
- * Within whose circuit is Elysium,
- * And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
- * Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
- * Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
- * Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
- * *York*. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
- * Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
- * And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
- * Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
- * And tell him privily of our intent.—
- * You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
- With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
- * In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
- * Witty⁴, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
- * While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
- * But that I seek occasion how to rise;
- * And yet the king not privy to my drift,
- * Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

- * But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

?

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Mes.

³ The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just.

⁴ *Witty* anciently signified, of sound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham "the deep-revolving witty Buskingham."

THIRD PART OF

- * *Mez.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords¹,
 * Intend here to besiege you in your castle ;
 * She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
 * And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
 * *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou,
 that we fear them?—
 * Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
 * My brother Montague shall post to London :
 * Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 * Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 * With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 * And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
 * *Mont.* Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :
 * And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.]

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh MORTIMER.

- York.* Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
 * You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
 * *York.* What, with five thousand men ?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
 A woman's general ; What should we fear ?

[A march afar off.]

- * *Edw.* I hear their drums ; Let's set our men in order ;
 * And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
 * *York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
 great,
 * I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
 * Many a battle have I won in France,
 * When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;
 * Why should I not now have the like success ?

[Alarum. Exeunt.]
 SCENE

* I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury.

S C E N E III.

*Plains near Sandal Castle.**Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
 Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
 As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
 Whose father² slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
 'Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
 That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch³

* That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

* And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—

* Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
 Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
 Were not revenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

G 5

And

² i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York.

³ That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and
 is let out to devour a man condemned.

THIRD PART OF

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The fight of any of the house of York,
 Is as a fury to torment my soul;
 ' And till I root out their accursed line,
 ' And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
 To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

' *Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
 Left, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
 He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Clif. stabs him.*]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [*Dies.*]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

' *York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
 ' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me *;
 ' And all my followers to the eager foe
 ' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 ' Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

' *My*

* These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 649.

* My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 ' Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
 ' And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 ' In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 ' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 ' Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 ' And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
 ' *A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*
 With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
 ' We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 ' With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 ' And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

* Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 ' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 ' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 ' The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
 ' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers..

* Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
 ' I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
 ' I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noon-tide prick^s.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
 ' A bird that will revenge upon you all:
 ' And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

* Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

G 6

Clif.

* —noon-tide prick.] Or, noon-tide point on the dial.

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further ;
 * So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons ;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 * And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :
 * And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
 And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with cowardice,
 * Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes,
 I would prolong a while the traitor's life :—
 Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ; do not honour him so much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
 It is war's prize⁶ to take all vantages ;
 * And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;
 So true men yield⁷, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
 now ?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
 Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here ;

* That raught⁸ at mountains with out-stretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

* What ! was it you, that would be England's king ?
 Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,

And

⁶ All vantages are in war lawful prize ; that is, may be lawfully taken and used.

⁷ A true man is here an honest man, as opposed to a thief.

⁸ That *reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach*.

And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 ' And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

' Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

* Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;

* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head⁹.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale¹ your head in Henry's glory.

And

⁹ Shakspeare has on this occasion deviated from history, if such of our English chronicles as I have been able to procure, may be believed. According to them the paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford till after his father's death. STEVENS.

¹ And will you pale—] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown.

And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead².

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

Tork. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

• Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 • Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
 But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
 less.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verifi'd,—

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine³;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How

² — to do him dead.] To kill him.

³ Government, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 'Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
 'Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
 blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
 O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[He gives back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
 And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
 'I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inty sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

THIRD PART OF

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their forces, marching.

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
* Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
* The happy tidings of his good escape.—
* How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
* I saw him in the battle range about;
* And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
* Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of near:
* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
* So fled his enemies my warlike father;

* Methinks,

* Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son⁴.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun⁵!

* How well resembles it the prime of youth,

* Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns⁶?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

* Each one already blazing by our meeds,

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

* And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

* Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I
speak it,

* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

* But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel

* Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess.

* The old quarto reads—*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We
need not aim at any higher glory than this. WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we
have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left
that may content us. JOHNSON.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*.
So, in the former act:

"It is war's *prize* to take all 'vantages?" MALONE.

* Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dis-
misses him to his diurnal course.

* This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed.

- Mef.* Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
 When as the noble duke of York was slain,
 * Your princely father, and my loving lord.
 * *Edw.* O, speak no more⁷! for I have heard too much.
 * *Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
 * *Mef.* Environed he was with many foes;
 * And stood against them, as the hope of Troy⁸
 * Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
 * But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
 * And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 * Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak,
 * By many hands your father was subdu'd;
 * But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 * Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
 * Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despight;
 * Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
 * The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
 * A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 * Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
 * And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 * They took his head, and on the gates of York
 * They set the same; and there it doth remain,
 * The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
 * *Edw.* Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
 * Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
 * O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
 * The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
 * And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 * For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 * Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
 * Might in the ground be clos'd up in rest:
 * For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 * Never, O never, shall I see more joy.
 * *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture

Scarce

⁷ The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

⁸ — the hope of Troy—] Hector.

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :

- * Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
- * For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
- * Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
- * And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
- * To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
- * Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !—
- * Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
- * Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
 * His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, and MONTAGUE, with forces.

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news abroad ?

* *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
 Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death⁹.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very well appointed, as I thought,

March'd

⁹ Done to death for killed, was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time.

March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my behalf along:
 For by my scouts I was advertis'd,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 ' Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make,—we at saint Alban's met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 ' Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight',
 ' Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

' *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
 And for your brother,—he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
 ' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

' *Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,

But

' This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the thresher.

KING HENRY VI.

29

But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear :
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick : blame me not ;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
' Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
' Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain ;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes !
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :
Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
' That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw.

THIRD PART OF

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 ' And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
 ' The next degree is, England's royal throne:
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
 ' Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 ' But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 * (As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,)
 * I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums; — God, and saint
 George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

* *War.* Why then it forts², brave warriors: Let's away.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before York.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of
 Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with
 forces.*

2. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of
 York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
 That fought to be encompass'd with your crown:

* Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
 wreck;—

To

² *Why then it forts,]* Why then things are as they should be.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
 Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
 And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
 Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 ' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue, like a loving fire;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 ' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 ' Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away?*
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.

' But,

* But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 * As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
 * Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
 Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
 * How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
 * *Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are
 nigh,
 * And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
 * You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
 * Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
 Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
 And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

* *Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

* For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
 Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
 And, in the towns as they do march along,
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
 * Darraign⁴ your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince.

3 *Whose father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb:

Happy the child whose father went to the devil.

4 *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in order.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
' And set thy diadem upon my head;

* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!

' Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,

' Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

' To blot out me, and put his own son in.

' *Clif.* And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

' *Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

' *Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,

' Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown?

' *Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare
you speak?

When you and I met at saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—

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H

Break

* *Your legs did better service than your hands.* An allusion to the
proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands."

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd⁶,

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is
right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy fire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt⁷,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel⁸ should be call'd the sea,)

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To

⁶ It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt.

⁷ Gilt is a superficial covering of gold.

⁸ A channel in our author's time signified what we now call a kennel.

* To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart⁹?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless caller¹ know herself.—

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

* By that false woman, as this king by thee.

* His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day:

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day;

* Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,

* That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

* For what hath broach this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

* *Geo.* But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,

* And that thy summer bred us no increase²,

We set the axe to thy usurping root:

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

* Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

* We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—

And either victory, or else a grave.

H. 2

2. Mar.

⁹ To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou rail'st at my deformity.

¹ *Calles*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls.

² When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed.

THIRD PART OF

2. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives to day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

• War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race;
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
• And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
• For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ? what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter GEORGE.

• Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
• Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
• What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?
• Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
• And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

• Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
• Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
• Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance :
• And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
• Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
• Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !
• So underneath the belly of their steeds,
• That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
• The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

• War.

* *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
* And look upon, as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?

* Here on my knee I vow to God above,
* I'll never pause again, never stand still,
* 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
* Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
* And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—

* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !

* Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
* That to my foes this body must be prey,—
* Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
* And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !—

* Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

* *Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand ;—and, gentle
Warwick,

* Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :—
* I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
* That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

* *War.* Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

* *Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops :
* And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us ;
* And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
* As victors wear at the Olympian games :
* This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
* Fore-slow no longer³, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ To fore-slow is to be dilatory, to loiter.

THIRD PART OF

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD, and CLIFFORD.

- * *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
- * Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
- * And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
- * Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.]

- * *Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace?
- * For I myself wilt hunt this wolf to death. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

- * *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
- * When dying clouds contend with growing light;
- * What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
- * Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
- * Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
- * Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
- * Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
- * Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;
- * Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
- * Now, one the better; then, another best;
- * Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
- * Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
- * So is the equal poise of this fell war.
- * Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down,

- * To whom God will, there be the victory!
- * For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too;
- * Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
- * They prosper best of all when I am thence.
- * 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
- * For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
- * O God! methinks, it were a happy life;
- * To be no better than a homely swain;
- * To sit upon a hill; as I do now,
- * To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
- * Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
- * How many make the hour full complete,
- * How many hours bring about the day,
- * How many days will finish up the year,
- * How many years a mortal man may live:
- * When this is known, then to divide the times:
- * So many hours must I tend my flock;
- * So many hours must I take my rest;
- * So many hours must I contemplate;
- * So many hours must I sport myself;
- * So many days my eyes have been with young;
- * So many weeks ere the poor fools will year;
- * So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
- * So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
- * Past over to the end they were created,
- * Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
- * Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
- * Gives not the Hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
- * To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
- * Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
- * To kings; that fear their subjects' treachery?
- * O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
- * And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
- * His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle;
- * His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

H 4

* All

* This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.

- * All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
- * Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
- * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
- * His body couched in a curious bed,
- * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body⁵.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—

- * This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
- * May be possessed with some store of crowns:
- * And I, that haply take them from him now,
- * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
- * To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
- * Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
- * Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
- * O heavy times, begetting such events!
- * From London by the king was I press'd forth;
- * My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
- * Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
- * And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
- * Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
- * Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
- And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
- * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
- * And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
- * *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
- Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
- * Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
- * Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
- * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
- * Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief⁶.

⁵ These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war.

⁶ The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

Enter

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

- * *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 * Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 * For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 * But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
 * Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 * Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 * Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
 * O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
 * What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 * Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 * This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
 * O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 * And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

- * O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
 * O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 * The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
 * The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
 * If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

- * *Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 * Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

* *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woeful chances,
 * Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd?

* *Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

* *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

H 5

* *K. Hen.*

⁷ Because had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

THIRD PART OF

• *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
 • Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

• *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

• *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
 • My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
 • For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 • My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 • And so obsequious will thy father be,
 • Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 • As Priam was for all⁹ his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

• *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 • Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of Wales, and EXETER.

• *Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
 • And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 • Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

• *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
 again:

• Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 • Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 • With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 • And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 • Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

• Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

• *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
 • Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 • Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

• Obsequious is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites.

• I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

*The same.**A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

* *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
 O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 More than my body's parting with my soul.
 My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
 * And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt¹.
 Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
 The common people swarm like summer flies:
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
 And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
 O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent²
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 * They never then had sprung like summer flies;
 * I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 * And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 * No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight³:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 * The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—

H 6

Come,

¹ Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

² The duke of York had been entrusted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aspire to the throne.

³ i. e. No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were.

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 ' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE. RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords⁴; good fortune bids us pause,

- ' And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks —
- * Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen; —
- ' That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
- ' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gulf,
- ' Command an argosy to stem the waves.
- ' But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

' And, wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

- ' *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
- ' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
- ' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
- ' But set his murdering knife unto the root
- ' From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
- ' I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
 Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

' Instead whereof, let this supply the room;

Measure

⁴ This battle, in which the house of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army consisted, according to Hall, of about forty thousand men; and the young duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six persons are said to have been killed, the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancastrians.

Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our house,
 ' That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
 ' Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
 ' And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
 Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—
 Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
 And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
 ' 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
 ' Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
 ' Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words^s.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as thou wast
 wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes
 hard,

' When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath :—
 I know by that, he's dead ; And, by my soul,
 ' If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 ' This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood
 Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king.

' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And

[^s — eager words.] Sour words ; words of asperity.

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
 So shalt thou finew both these lands together ;
 * And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again ;
 For though they cannot greatly sling to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation ;

* And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage,--so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
 * For on thy shoulder do I build my feat ;
 * And never will I undertake the thing,
 * Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.---
 * Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;---
 * And George, of Clarence ;---Warwick, as ourself,
 * Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of Gloster ;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chase in the North of England.

[*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*]

* 1. *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
 ourselves ;
 * For through this laund⁶ anon the deer will come ;
 * And in this covert will we make our stand,
 * Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2. *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

* 1. *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
 * Will

⁶ *Laund* means the same as *lawn* ; a plain extended between woods.

- * Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
- * Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
- * And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
- * I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
- * In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
- * 2. *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

- K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
- * To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
- * No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
- * Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
- * Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
- No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
- * No humble suitors press to speak for right,
- * No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
- For how can I help them, and not myself?
- * 1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
- * This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.
- * *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these four adversities;
- * For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
- * 2. *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
- * 1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
- * *K. Hen.* My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 * Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 * To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
 * Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
 * For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 * And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 * By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 * For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
 * Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 * Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 * The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
 * And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 * To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
 * Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She,

THIRD PART OF

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

* O Margaret⁷, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

* *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

* A man at least, for less I should not be;

* And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

* 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

* *K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

* Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;

* A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

* 2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content, Your crown content, and you, must be contented

* To go along with us: for, as we think,

* You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

* And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

* Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

* 2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

* 2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

* My father, and my grandfather, were kings;

* And

7 The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen.

- * And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
- * And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?
- * 1. *Keep.* No ; for we were subjects, but while you were king.
- * *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?
- * Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
- * Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
- * And as the air blows it to me again,
- * Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
- * And yielding to another when it blows,
- * Commanded always by the greater gust ;
- * Such is the lightness of you common men.
- * But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin
- * My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
- * Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
- * And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.
- * 1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
- * *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
- * If he were seated as king Edward is.
- 1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
- To go with us unto the officers.
- * *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead ; your king's name be obey'd :
- * And what God will, that let your king perform ;
- * And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

* *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at saint Albans' field
 ' This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
 His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;
 ' Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of York

' The

THIRD PART OF

* The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;

* It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

* *Glo.* Yea! is it so?

[*Aside to Clar.*

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind?

Glo. Silence!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

* *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;

* And come some other time, to know our mind.

* *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

* May it please your highness to resolve me now;

* And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

* *Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

* An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

* Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*

* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*

* *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me them; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

[*Aside.*

* *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey.

* This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey, fell in the second battle of Saint Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the side of king Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they were in fact seized by the very person who now speaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464.

* *Widow, we will consider—*] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakspeare.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
 'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*]

* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.]

* *Clar.* As red as fire I say, then her wax must melt. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'fy.

* *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.*

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

* *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

* That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright:

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

* *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

* Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

* *Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*

* *K. Edw.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

* Her words do shew her wit incomparable;

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
'I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you — father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

'Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

'*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
'And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

'*K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

'And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

'To question of his apprehension.—

'Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt K. EDW. Lady GREY, CLAR. and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would

THIRD PART OF

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 ' That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 ' To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 ' And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
 ' (The lustful Edward's title buried)
 ' Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
 ' And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 ' To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 * Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
 * Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 * And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 * Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
 * And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 * Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
 * So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 * And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
 * And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
 * Flattering me with impossibilities.—
 * My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween too much,
 * Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 * Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 * What other pleasure can the world afford?
 * I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 * And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 * O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 * Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
 * And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 * She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 * To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 * To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 * To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 * To disproportion me in every part,
 * Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp',

* That
 ' It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long,
 that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which
 she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps
 of the bear are produced in the same state with of those other creatures.

KING HENRY VI.

35

* That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 * O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 * Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 * But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 * As are of better person than myself²,
 * I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
 * And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 * Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 * Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 * And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 * For many lives stand between me and home:
 * And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 * That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
 * Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 * Not knowing how to find the open air,
 * But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 * Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 * And from that torment I will free myself,
 * Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 * And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 * And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 * And frame my face to all occasions.
 * I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 * I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 * I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 * Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 * And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to the camelion,
 * Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 * And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.

Can

² Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

'Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in a Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his seat. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

'K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,

[rising.

'Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
'And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

*Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
*Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
*Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
*Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
*But now mischance hath trod my title down,
*And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
*Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
*And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

*Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
*And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
*And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.

*To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
*Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
*Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
*It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

*Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

*And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
*Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
*That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is

- * Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
- * And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
- * While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
- * Usurps the regal title, and the seat
- * Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
- * This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
- * With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
- * Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
- * And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
- * Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
- * Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
- * Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
- * And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.
- * *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
- * While we bethink a means to break it off.
- * *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
- * *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
- * *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;
- * And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

* *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[descending from his state. Queen Mar. rises.]

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

* *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*to Bona.*] in our king's behalf,

' I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, — and lady Bona, — hear me speak,

' Before you answer Warwick. His demand

* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

* But from deceit, bred by necessity:

* For how can tyrants safely govern home,

* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice, —

* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,

* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.

* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:

* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,

* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;

And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth;

* Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France:

From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost

All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?

Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, — You tell a pedigree

Of

Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,

‘ Whom thou obeyd’st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
‘ My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow’d years,
‘ When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
‘ Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
‘ While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick’s words be-
witch him not !

[retiring with the Prince and Oxf.]

‘ *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy con-
science,

‘ Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth,
‘ To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people’s eye ?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate³.

‘ *K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
‘ Tell me for truth the measure of his love
‘ Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant ;

I 2

Whereof

³ He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c.

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain⁴,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to War.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's;

- * And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
- * Touching the jointure that your king must make,
- * Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

- * By this alliance to make void my suit;
- * Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:

- * But if your title to the crown be weak,—
- * As may appear by Edward's good success,—
- * Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
- * From giving aid, which late I promised.
- * Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
- * That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—

You have a father able to maintain you⁵;

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick;

- * Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

* I will

⁴ I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. STERVENS.

⁵ This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach.

- * I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
- * Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
- * Thy fly conveyance⁶, and thy lord's false love;
- * For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.

[To Margaret. *They all read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:

- * I hope, all's for the best.

* *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?

* And now, to sooth your forgery and his?

* Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

* Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

* Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

I 3

My

⁶ Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud.

⁷ To soften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to sooth us, and to prevent our being exasperated by your forgery and his.

My father came untimely to his death ?
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown ?
 Did I put Henry from his native right ;
 * And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?
 * Shame on himself ! for my desert is honour.
 * And, to repair my honour lost for him,
 * I here renounce him, and return to Henry :
 * My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor ;
 I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

* *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
 to love ;

* And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 * And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

* 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :

* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

* He's very likely now to fall from him ;

* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

* But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
 live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Mar-
 garet's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

* *K. Lew.* Then England's messenger, return in post ;

And

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:

* Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal⁸.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on⁹.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward¹; be gone. *[Exit Mes.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thou, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle²:

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

* Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

* What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

* Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

* Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

* And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

* That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.]

K. Lew.

⁸ — go fear thy king—] That is, fright thy king.

⁹ It was once no unusual thing for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be still seen in the Tower.

¹ — thy reward;] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, whom the original copies call—a *Pos.*

² This phrase is common to many of our ancient writers.

THIRD PART OF

- * *K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
 * And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 * Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
 * I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 * For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,
 and Others.*

- * *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
 * Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
 * Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
 * *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
 * How could he stay till Warwick made return?
 * *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as
 queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and
 Others.*

- * *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.
 * *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

* *K. Edw.*

- * *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
 * That you stand penfive, as half malecontent ?
 * *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick ;
 * Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
 * That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
 * *K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
 * They are but Lewis and Warwick ; I am Edward,
 * Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
 * *Glo.* And shall have your will, because our king :
 * Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
 * *K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too ?
 * *Glo.* Not I :
 * No ; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
 * Whom God hath join'd together : ay, and 'twere pity,
 To sunder them that yoke so well together.
 * *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your dislike, aside,
 * Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
 * Should not become my wife, and England's queen :—
 * And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
 * Speak freely what you think.
 * *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
 * Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
 * About the marriage of the lady Bona.
 * *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
 * Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
 * *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
 * By such invention as I can devise ?
 * *Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
 Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
 * 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
 * *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
 * England is safe, if true within itself ?
 * *Mont.* But the safer, when it is back'd with France.
 * *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France :
 * Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas³,

³ —with the seas,] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England.

- * Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
- * And with their helps only defend ourselves;
- * In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
- Clar.* For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
- * To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
- * *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
- * And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
- * *Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
- * To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
- * Unto the brother of your loving bride;
- * She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
- * But In your bride you bury brotherhood.
- * *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir*
- * Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
- * And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
- * *K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
- * That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
- * *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment:
- * Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
- * To play the broker in mine own behalf;
- * And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
- * *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
- * And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
- * *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
- * To raise my state to title of a queen,
- * Do me but right, and you must all confess
- * That I was not ignoble of descent⁵,
- * And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
- * But as this title honours me and mine,
- * So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

* Do

* — you would not have bestow'd the heir—] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder; and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

⁵ Her father was Sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Dutchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

- * Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
- ‘ *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :
- ‘ What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
- ‘ So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
- ‘ And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
- ‘ Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
- ‘ Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
- ‘ Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
- ‘ And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
- * *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]*Enter a Messenger.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France ?

‘ *Mes.* My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

‘ *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,
‘ Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

‘ What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

Mes. At my depart, these were his very words ;

Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over masters,

To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks me
Henry.

‘ But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mes. These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain :
Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.

‘ *K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less ;

‘ She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s queen ?

‘ For I have heard, that she was there in place °.

Mes. *Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done †,*
And I am ready to put armour on.

I 6

‘ *K. Edw.*

° — *she was there in place.*] This expression, signifying, she was
there present, occurs frequently in old English writers.

† — *are done,*] i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often
used in this sense by the writers of our author’s age.

* *K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

* *Mes.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
* Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.*

* *K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

* Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
* They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
* But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

* *Mes.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

* That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me³.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

* *Glo.* Not I:

* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]
* *K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
* Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
* Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
* They are already, or quickly will be landed:
* Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

* But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
* Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

* Are

* That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet we do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Poet says to the king.

- ‘ Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :
- ‘ Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?
- ‘ If it be so, then both depart to him ;
- ‘ I rather with you foes, than hollow friends :
- ‘ But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
- ‘ Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
- ‘ That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward’s cause !

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

‘ *K. Edw.* Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

‘ Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,

‘ Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come ;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;
And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward’s brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night’s coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp’d,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,

We

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We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

* That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,

* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

* And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,

* For I intend but only to surprize him.—

* You, that will follow me to this attempt,

* Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the king's tent.

* 1. *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep:

* 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

* 1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

* Never to lie and take his natural rest,

* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress.

* 2. *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

* If Warwick be so near as men report.

* 3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleleman is that,

* That with the king here resteth in his tent?

* 1. *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

* 3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,

* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

* While he himself keeps in the cold field?

* 2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

* 3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,

* I like

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- * I like it better than a dangerous honour.
- * If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
- * 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
- * 1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
- * 2. *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
- * But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and forces.

- * *War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
- * Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
- * But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

* 2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the king out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

* *Som.* What are they that fly there?

* *War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

* When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

* Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to throwd yourself from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

* Nay,

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- * Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
- * Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
- * Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
- * Edward will always bear himself as king:
- * Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
- * My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

- * And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
- * My lord of Somerset, at my request,
- * See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
- * Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
- * When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
- * I'll follow you, and tell what answer
- * Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

- * It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*]

* *Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

- * But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

- * To free king Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

* *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

* *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

- * What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

* *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

* *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

* *Q. Eliz.*

- ' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
 ' Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
 ' Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
 ' And, as I further have to understand,
 ' Is new committed to the bishop of York,
 ' Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
 ' *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
 ' Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
 ' Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
 * *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
 * And I the rather wean me from despair,
 * For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
 * This is it that makes me bridle passion,
 * And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
 * Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
 * And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 * Lost with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 ' King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
 * *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
 ' *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards
 London,
 * To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
 * Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
 ' But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 ' (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
 ' I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 ' To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
 ' There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
 ' Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
 ' If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir William Stanley, and Others.

' *Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,

' Leave

- Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
- Into this chiefeſt thicket of the park.
- Thus ſtands the caſe: You know, our king, my brother,
- Is priſoner to the biſhop here, at whoſe hands
- He hath good uſage and great liberty;
- And often, but attended with weak guard,
- Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
- I have advertiſ'd him by ſecret means,
- That if, about this hour, he make this way,
- Under the colour of his uſual game,
- He ſhall here find his friends, with horſe and men,
- To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

- *Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
- *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.—
- Now, brother of Gloſter, lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
- Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the biſhop's deer?
- *Glo.* Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte;
- Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner.
- *K. Edw.* But whither ſhall we then?
- *Haſt.* To Lynn, my lord; and ſhip² from thence to Flanders.
- *Glo.* Well gueſſ'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
- *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
- *Glo.* But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
- *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
- *Hunt.* Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
- *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.
- *K. Edw.* Biſhop, farewel: ſhield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

- * *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
- * Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
- * And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
- * My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
- * At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

- * But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

* I then crave pardon of your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

- * Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

- * Ay, such a pleasure as intaged birds

* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

- * At last, by notes of household harmony,

* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

- * But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

- * He was the author, thou the instrument.

* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,

- * By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

* And that the people of this blessed land

- * May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

* Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

- * I here resign my government to thee,

* For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

- * And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

- * For few men rightly temper with the stars⁹:

* Yet

⁹ The meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny, which king Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands.

- * Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
- * For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
- * *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
- * To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
- * Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
- * As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
- * And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
- * *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.
- * *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
- * Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
- * That no dissention hinder government:
- * I make you both protectors of this land;
- * While I myself will lead a private life,
- * And in devotion spend my latter days,
- To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
- * *War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
- * *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
- * For on thy fortune I repose myself.
- * *War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
- * We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
- * To Henry's body, and supply his place;
- * I mean, in bearing weight of government,
- * While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
- * And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
- * Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
- * And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
- * *Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd
- * *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
- * *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
- * Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
- * That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
- * Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
- * For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
- * My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
- * *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
- * *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
- * Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
- * *Sam.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
- * *K. Hen.*

* *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
[Lays his hand on his head.]

- * Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
- * This pretty lad¹ will prove our country's bliss.
- * His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
- * His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
- * His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
- * Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
- Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
- * Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

- * *War.* What news, my friend?
- * *Mef.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
- * And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
- * *War.* Unfavoury news: But how made he escape?
- * *Mef.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
- * And the lord Hastings, who attended him
- * In secret ambush on the forest side,
- * And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
- * For hunting was his daily exercise.
- * *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
- * But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
- * A false for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WAR. CLA. Lieu. and Att.*]

- * *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
- * For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
- * And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
- * As Henry's late presaging prophecy
- * Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
- * So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
- * What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
- * Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
- * Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
- * Till storms be past of civil enmity.

* *Oxf:*

¹ He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited.

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- * *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
- * 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
- * *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
- * Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

- * *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
- * Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
- * And says—that once more I shall interchange
- * My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
- * We'll have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
- * And brought desired help from Burgundy;
- * What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
- * From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
- * But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
- * *Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
- * For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
- * Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
- * *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now afright us:
- * By fair or foul means we must enter in,
- * For hither will our friends repair to us.
- * *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

- * *May.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
- * And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
- * For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
- * *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
- * Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
- * *May.*

- * *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
 * *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
 * As being well content with that alone.
 * *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
 * He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
 * *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
 Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
 * *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
 [*Exeunt, from above.*
 * *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
 * *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well;
 * So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
 * I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
 * Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

- * *K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
 * But in the night, or in the time of war.
 * What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
 [*takes his keys.*
 * For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
 * And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
 Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

* *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
 As every loyal subject ought to do.

* *Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget

- * Our title to the crown; and only claim
 * Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
 * *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
 I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

* *Drummer.*

- * The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

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* Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

* *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,

* By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

* *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,

* If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

* I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

* *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

* The bruit thereof³ will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,

* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed:—

* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*reads.*] Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

* *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.

* If

³ The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte spread abroad." The French word *bruit* was very early made a denizen of our language: "Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come." Jeremiah x. 22. WHALLEY.

- * If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
- * Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :
- * And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
- * Above the border of this horizon,
- * We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;
- * For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
- * Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
- * To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !
- * Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
- * Come on, brave foldiers ; doubt not of the day ;
- * And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and bear him back again⁴.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up :—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

VOL. V.

K

In

⁴ This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the king, and the brisk answer to Warwick. When Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other.

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
 * Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
 * Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
 Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
 Farewel, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus [*kissing Henry's hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
 * And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame^s.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

* I have not been desirous of their wealth,

* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

* Then why should they love Edward more than me?

* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

* The

^s *Meed* means *merit*.

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KING HENRY VI.

83

- * The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and soldiers.

* *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of England.—

* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;

* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with king Henry.*]

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

* Where peremptory Warwick now remains¹:

* The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

* Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

* *Gla.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How

⁶ Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

We may suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. MALONE.

⁷ And lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

[*Where peremptory Warwick now remains:*] Warwick, as Mr. Mason has observed, has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention?

K a

Our

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

* 1. *Mef.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

* 2. *Mef.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

* *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

* And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

* *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

* And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

* *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER, and forces, marching.

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

* *Glo.* See, how the furlly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

* Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

* Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

* And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

* *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—

Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;

Or

Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play. Some of our old writers seem to have thought, that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience.

Or did he make the jest against his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

* *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

* *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

* And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—

What is the body, when the head is off?

* *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

* The king was slyly finger'd from the deck⁸!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace⁹,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

* *K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down.

* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

* And with the other sling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

* Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

* *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXF. and his forces enter the city.*

K 3

* *Glo.*

⁸ A pack of cards was anciently term'd a *deck* of cards or a *fair* of cards. It is still, we are informed, so called in Ireland.

⁹ The palace of the bishop of London.

THIRD PART OF

- * *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.
- * *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.
- * Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
- * Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
- * If not, the city being but of small defence,
- * We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
- * *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

- * *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
- * Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
- * *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
- * My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York¹;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

- * With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
- * More than the nature of a brother's love:—
- * Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[taking his red rose out of his hat.]

- * Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
- I will not ruin my father's house,
- Who gave his blood to lime the stones² together,
- * And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
- * That

¹ Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who married Eleanor the daughter of Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick, was slain at the first battle of Saint Alban's. His eldest son, Henry, was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, in 1463, and soon afterwards beheaded.

² That is, To cement the stones. Lime makes mortar.

' That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt ³, unnatural,
 ' To bend the fatal instruments of war
 ' Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 * Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 * To keep that oath, were more impiety
 * Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 * I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 * That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 * I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 * With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,
 * (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 * To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 ' Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 ' And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 ' For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

' *K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more
 below'd,
 ' Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
 ' *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor⁴, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

' *War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
 way:—

Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*]

³ Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

⁴ Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of reason.

THIRD PART OF

SCENE II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

- * *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
- * For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all⁵.—
- * Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
- * That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
- War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
- * My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept⁶;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
- * And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
- * These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
- * Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
- * To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks⁷, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even

⁵ Bug is a bugbear, a terrific being.

To fear in old language frequently signifies, to terrify.

⁶ It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel* suggested these images to Shakspeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." STEEVENS.

⁷ This mention of his parks and manors diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines.

Even now forsake me ; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length !
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou as we are,
* We might recover all our loss again !
* The queen from France hath brought a puissant power ;
* Even now we heard the news : Ah, could'st thou fly !
* *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !
* Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
* Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last ;
* And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
* And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
* And more he would have said ; and more he spoke,
* Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
* That might not be distinguish'd ; but, at last,
* I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
* O, farewell, Warwick !

War. Sweet rest his soul !—fly, lords, and save yourselves ;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power !
[*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph ; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

* *K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
* And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
* But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

THIRD PART OF

' I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 ' That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 ' Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
 ' I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
 ' Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
 ' And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

* *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 * And blow it to the source from whence it came :
 * Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
 * For every cloud engenders not a storm.

* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
 ' And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
 ' If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury ;
 ' We, having now the best at Barnet field,
 ' Will thither straight, For willingness rids way ;
 ' And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.—
 Strike up the drum ; cry—Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
 their loss,
 * But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 * What though the mast be now blown over-board,
 * The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 * And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
 * Yet lives our pilot still : Is't meet, that he
 * Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 * With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 * And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
 * Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 * Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?

1

* Ah,

- * Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
- * Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
- * And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
- * Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
- * Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
- * And Somerset another goodly mast?
- * The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
- * And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
- * For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
- * We will not from the helm, to fit and weep;
- * But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
- * From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
- * As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
- * And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
- * What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
- * And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
- * All these the enemies to our poor bark.
- * Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
- * Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
- * Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
- * Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
- * This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
- * In case some one of you would fly from us,
- * That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
- * More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
- * Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
- * 'Twere childlike weakness to lament, or fear.
- * *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
- * Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
- * Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
- * And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
- * I speak not this, as doubting any here:
- * For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
- * He should have leave to go away betimes;
- * Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
- * And make him of like spirit to himself.
- * If any such be here, as God forbid!
- * Let him depart, before we need his help.
- * *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
- * And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—

THIRD PART OF

' Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
' If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mes.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
' Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

' *Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
' To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Brave followers³, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

' Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,

' Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

' I need not add more fuel to your fire,

' For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:

' Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say,

' My tears gainsay⁴; for every word I speak,

' Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.

' Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

' Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

' His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

' His

³ This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered.

⁴ To gainsay is to unsay, to deny, to contradict.

- * His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
- * And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
- * You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
- * Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums ; Excursions ; and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces ; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

* *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle.¹ straight :
For Somerset², off with his guilty head.

* Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

* *Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,

* Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

* *Glo.* It is ; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak :

* What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?—

* Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

* For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

* And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !

Suppose,

¹ A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

² Edmond Beaufort, duke of Somerset, the second son of Edmond duke of Somerset who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans.

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
 Relinquish thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
 Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable³ in a winter's night;
 His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
 tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
 Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurer George,—
 And thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
 I am your better, traitors as ye are;—

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likenels of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Glo. stabs him.*

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

* *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too
 much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

* *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her
 recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

* I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

* Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, *Æsop*; and the
 poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach.

Clar.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

* Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

* He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

* What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—

* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

* You have no children, butchers; if you had,

* The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

* But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

* As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince⁴.

* *K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

* *Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'Twas sin before⁵, but now 'tis charity.

* What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher⁶,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

* *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar.

⁴ The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood.

⁵ She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

⁶ *Devil's butcher* is a butcher set on by the devil.

THIRD PART OF

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[Exit, led out forcibly.]

* K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

* Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

* Now march we hence: discharge the common fort

* With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

* And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

* By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand,
the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

* K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

* K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

* With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

* Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That

7 As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *stupid*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton.

' That taught his son the office of a fowl?
 ' And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
 ' *K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
 Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
 ' The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 ' Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
 ' Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
 * Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
 ' My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragick history.—
 * But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
 ' *Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
 ' *K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
 ' If murdering innocents be executing,
 ' Why, then thou art an executioner.
 ' *Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
 ' *K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
 presume,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 ' And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 ' Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear⁸;
 ' And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
 ' And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
 ' Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
 ' Orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
 ' Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 ' The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd⁹ her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 ' To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:

And,

⁸ Who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

⁹ To rook, or rather to ruck, is a north-country word, signifying to squat down, or lodge on any thing.

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

'Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in thy speech ;

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [*Dies.*]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !

'O, may such purple tears be always shed

'From those that wish the downfall of our house !—

'If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell ; and say—I sent thee thither,

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward ;

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cry'd,

O, *Jesús bless us, he is born with teeth !*

'And so I was ; which plainly signify'd—

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother :

'And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me ; I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

'That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone :

'Clarence,

'But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you.
To sort is to select.

KING HENRY VI.

99

‘ Clarence, thy turn is next ; and then the rest ;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
‘ I’ll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exits*]

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne ; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England’s royal throne,
Re-purchas’d with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn’s corn,
Have we mow’d down, in tops of all their pride ?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown’d
For hardy and undoubted champions :
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands ; two braver men
Ne’er spur’d their coursers at the trumpet’s sound :
‘ With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mon-
tague,
That in their chains fetter’d the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar’d.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch’d the winter’s night ;
‘ Went all afoot in summer’s scalding heat,
That thou might’st repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were lay’d ;
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain’d so thick, to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :—

Work

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute². [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

• Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
• And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all } [*Aside.*
harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs³, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

² I believe we should read—and *this* shall execute.

Richard laying his hand on his forehead says: *Work thou the way—*
then bringing down his hand. and beholding it,—and *this shall execute.*
Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder.

JOHNSON.

³ By *triumphs* are meant masques, revels, processions, &c.



01

KING RICHARD III.

101

2



KING RICHARD III.

101
2
* * THIS tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485.

Persons Represented.

King Edward the Fourth.

Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards

K. Edward V.

Richard, duke of York,

George, duke of Clarence,

Richard, duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.

} Sons to the king.

} Brothers to the king.

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Archbishop of York. Bishop of Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk : Earl of Surrey, his son

Earl Rivers, brother to K. Edward's Queen :

Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her sons.

Earl of Oxford.

Lord Hastings.

Lord Stanley.

Lord Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, Queen of K. Edward IV.

Margaret, widow of K. Henry VI.

Dutchess of York, mother to K. Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.

Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to K. Henry VI. ; afterwards married to the duke of Gloster.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivants, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. — *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. **N**OW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York¹;
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds²,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers³ nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

¹ Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a *sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

² The *Measures* were in our authour's time a species of dance. A *barbed steed* is a horse covered with a caparison or trappings.

³ *War capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten.

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature⁴,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity⁵:
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover⁶,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures⁷ of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous⁸,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,

As

⁴ By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful*.

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general.

⁵ *Descant* is a term in musick, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descants*, could not be discerned. That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to musick.

⁶ Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake.

⁷ Perhaps we might read: *And bate the idle pleasures*—.

⁸ Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play.

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophesy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
 O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
 As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
 My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

L 2

Clar.

9 Fancies, freaks of imagination.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining¹ to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself²,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar.

¹ I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence.

² That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's subjects³, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,—

Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister⁴,—

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you;

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce⁵; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,

L 3

That

³ That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *subjects*, whom she drives away.

⁴ This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister*. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloster has already called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow*. STEEV.

⁵ Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog."

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd⁶,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

⁶ A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted.

KING RICHARD III.

11

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the corse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously ⁷ lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold ⁸ figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness ⁹!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,

L 4

Than

⁷ *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*.

⁸ A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding.

⁹ To his mischievous disposition.

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
 Come, now, towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

i. Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
 us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern¹ of thy butcheries:—
 O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh²!—
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For

¹ *Pattern is instance, or example.*

² It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man³,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

L 5

Glo.

³ I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders ⁴.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ⁵;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne.

⁴ The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward.

⁵ — a slower method;—] As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*.

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect⁶.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy
life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

L 6

Those

⁶ *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the cause as ill as the executioner? She answers, Thou wast both.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
 Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
 When black-fac'd Clifford shock his sword at him :
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death ;
 And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Ann. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Ann. I have already.

Glo.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
 Speak it again, and, even with the word,
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
 To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby-place¹:
 Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
 I will with all expedient duty see you:
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.—
 Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But,

¹ A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster.

18 KING RICHARD III.

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, and two Gentlemen.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, firs.

2. *Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier^s,

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous^s proper man.

I'll

^s A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar.

^s *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handsome*.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
 To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet¹:
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

¹ *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

Enter

KING RICHARD III.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond², good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slander of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn them³ to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

² Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to K. Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards K. Henry VII. she married first Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Thomas lord Stanley.

³ i. e. to *summon*.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, fly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

2. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

2. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo.

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo.

Glo. What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?
 Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said
 I will avouch in presence of the king :
 I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
 'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

2. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
 To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

2. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
 And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
 In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain ?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

2. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
 Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon !—

2. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
 And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
 I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

2. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
 Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
 Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
 We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo.

4 It is said in *King Henry VI.* that he died in quarrel of the house of York. JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. MALONE.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me⁵:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain⁶, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my fight⁷?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

And.

⁵ To pill is to pillage.

⁶ Gentle is high-born. An opposition is meant between that and villain, which means at once a wicked and a low-born wretch. So before:

Since every Jack is made a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

⁷ An obsolete expression for—what dost thou in my sight.

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed⁸.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king⁹,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Gla. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar.

⁸ To *plague* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries in the sense of to *punish*.

⁹ Alluding to his luxurious life.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd¹, abortive, rooting hog²!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour³! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz.

¹ The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. STEEVENS.

² She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *bear*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial.

³ This word of contempt is used again in *Timon*:

“If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor *rag*,

“Must be the subject.”

Again, in this play:

“These over-weening *rags* of France.”

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider⁴,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current⁵:

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath

⁴ A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider.

⁵ Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A. D. 1476.

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8.

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest⁶ :—

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

[Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;

She

⁶ An airy is a hawk's or an eagle's nest.

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd⁶ up to fatting for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us⁷.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesb. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:

⁶ A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-fly*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

The cat, the rat, and Lowel the dog,

Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of A& IV. *POPE.*

⁷ *Scathe* is harm, mischief.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1. *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE, and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy⁸;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels⁹,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom¹ of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;

M 2

But

⁸ Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January 1476-7.

⁹ *Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*.

¹ By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to *ogle* it.

But smother'd it within my panting bulk²,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence³,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,

I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell;

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—

That now give evidence against my soul,—

For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—]

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak.

² *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body*.

³ *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides*, Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours⁴,
 Makes the night morning, and the moon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories⁵,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares⁶:
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—
 Shew him our commission, talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to Brackenbury, who reads it.*]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 Here are the keys;—there fits the duke asleep:
 I'll to the king; and signify to him,

M 3

That

⁴ *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brackenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brackenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right.

MALONE.

⁵ *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles.*

⁶ They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. JOHNSON.

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.]

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies

mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee⁷, but to make thee sigh.

1. *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow⁸, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the costard⁹ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reason¹ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

M 4

Clar.

⁷ One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. Shakspeare frequently uses these pronouns *him*, and *it*, indiscriminately

⁸ The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout, daring, fearless, and strong.*

⁹ i. e. the head.

¹ We'll talk.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest² have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law³,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For

2 *Quest* is *inquest* or jury.

3 *Before I be convict, &c.*] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him.

For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing⁴, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice⁵, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates
you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

M 5

Clar.

⁴ Shakspeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *cildish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate* and *mortal-flaring*.

⁵ Youth; one yet new to the world. JOHNSON.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
 He little thought of this divided friendship:
 Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
 That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
 That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
 Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
 Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
 Were you in my distress,—

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.
 Pll

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH,
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM,
GREY, and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's
work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[embraces Dorset.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[They all start.]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck.

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit⁶, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?⁷
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,

All

⁶ He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

⁷ This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.

KING RICHARD III.

43

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your earters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet⁸. O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR. and GREY.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Dutchess of York⁹, with a son and daughter of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh.

⁸ Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV.

⁹ Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
And cry,—O Clarence, *my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins¹, you mistake me both;]
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.]
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble², grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

¹ The dutchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both.

² Shakspeare uses *dissemble* in the sense of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think; though strictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections.

Enter

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS, and
DORSET, after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images³:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That

³ The children by whom he was represented.

That I, being govern'd by the watry moon⁴,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world?
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:

In common wordly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

⁴ That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and *Others*.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To

To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures⁵ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of⁶,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better;
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2. *Cit.*

⁵ To censure formerly meant to deliver an opinion.

⁶ i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude.

2. *Cit.* Ay, fir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good gracé, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child?!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politick grave counsel; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be
well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God fort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.*

7 "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child," *Eccles. ch. x.*

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York^a, the young Duke of York,
 Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutcheſs of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
 At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince ;
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
 Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
 My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing^b, when he was young,
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York.

^a Tho. Rotheram, made Lord Chancellor by K. Edw. IV. in 1475.

^b *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language,
 for paltry, pitiful, being below expectation.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd¹,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy²:—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless³ throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch.

¹ To be remembered is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.

² Parlous is keen, shrewd.

³ Not producing awe, not reverenced. To jut upon is to encroach.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;
 And often up and down my sons were tost,
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
 And being seated, and domestick broils
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
 And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
 Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [to the Queen.
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
 The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
 As well I tender you, and all of yours!
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt,

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal Bouchier, and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber³.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
 The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo.

* Thomas Bouchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486.

³ London was anciently called *Camera regia*.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were
none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you
all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional⁶:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age⁷,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Glo.

⁶ *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs.

⁷ That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit.

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. }

[*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring².

[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord¹; so must I call you now.

N 2

Prince.

¹ Retail'd may signify diffused, dispersed.

² That is, short summers are usually preceded by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloucester's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer.

—lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course.

³ The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex actuandissimus*.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died², that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give³.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier⁴.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape⁵,

He

² i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory.

³ Which to give, or the gift of which, induces no regret.

⁴ i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier.

⁵ The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear.

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along ?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother ; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable⁶ ;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby ;
thou art sworn

N 3

As

bear. The duke therefore, in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*.

JOHNSON.
York also alludes to the hump on Gloster's back, which was com-
medious for carrying burthens, as it served instead of a porter's knot.

STEEVENS.
I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnson supposes, or
that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's
deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was
the scorn he meant to give his uncle. MASON.

⁶ —capable ;] here, as in many other places in these plays, means
intelligent, quick of apprehension.

As deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart :
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—
 What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
 To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, found thou lord Hastings,
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils⁷,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him, Catesby,
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[Exit CATESBY.]

Buck.

⁷ That is, a private consultation, separate from the known and public council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says :

Bid him not fear the separated councils.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness. Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

[knocking.

Hast. [within.] Who knocks?

Mes. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [within.] What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mes. And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm;
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure;—
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour⁸, and myself, are at the one;
 And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁹:
 And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the
 crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
 And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
 That, this same very day, your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast.

⁸ This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time.

⁹ That is, wanting some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any immediate ground or reason.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries :
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good morrow ; —good morrow, Catesby :—

You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am !

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;

N 5

• i. e. the cross.

But

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needles coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth², might better wear their
heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt STANLEY, and CATESBY.]

How now, firrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death.
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it³, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[throwing him his purse.]

Purs. I thank your honour.

[Exit Pursuivant.]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good fir John⁴, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise⁵;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter

² That is, with respect to their honesty.

³ That is, continue it.

⁴ Sir was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy.

⁵ Performance of divine service. Or perhaps it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no thriving work in hand⁶.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I can not stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And suppertoo, although thou know'st it not. [*aside.*]
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit⁷ of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

N 6

Riv.

⁶ *Thriving work is confession.*

⁷ — the limit —] for the limited time.

Riv. Then curs'd the Hastings, then curs'd the Buckingham,

Then curs'd the Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate⁸.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*⁹, CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a table: Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord

⁸ *Expiate* is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consume*, &c. &c. It seems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended*.

⁹ Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,¹
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[Exit ELY.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To—

¹ This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *quies*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood^a he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,

I will

^a Semblance; appearance.

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done ;—

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this :

Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm ;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth³ horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard !—miserable England !

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block⁴, bear him my head ;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead⁵. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

³ A footcloth, it has been already observed, signified the housings of a horse.

⁴ William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by K. Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

⁵ i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves.

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower-walls.

*Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert diftraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending^o deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian;

Made

^o Intending is here, and elsewhere in these plays, used for pretending.

7 i.
yet in

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts:
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
 I mean, his conversation⁷ with Shore's wife,—
 He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covertst shelter'd traitor
 That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
 Would you imagine, or almost believe,
 (Were't not, that by great preservation
 We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
 This day had plotted, in the council-house,
 To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
 Or that we would, against the form of law,
 Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
 But that the extreme peril of the case,
 The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
 Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
 And your good graces both have well proceeded,
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
 I never look'd for better at his hands,
 After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
 Until your lordship came to see his end;
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
 Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
 The traitor speak, and timorously confess
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
 That you might well have signify'd the same
 Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
 As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:

And

⁷ i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase—*criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use.

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen^a,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, list'd to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,

With

^a This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Croton* in Cheapside.

KING RICHARD III.

7*

With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM,

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw⁹,—
Go thou [*to Cat.*] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, and CATESBY.

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of fight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent¹ was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought?² [*Exit.*

⁹ Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers. *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars.

¹ The original draft from which the engrossment was made.

² That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle³.

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then

³ A castle in Thames-street, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ;—
Thus saith the duke, thus bath the duke inferr'd ;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard !*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ; Would they
 not speak ?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; Intend some fear⁴ ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests ;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; And if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ? what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,

Divinely

⁴ Perhaps, *pretend* ; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. One of the ancient senses of *to intend* was certainly to *pretend*.

Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross⁵ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay⁶!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATE.*]
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter

⁵ — to engross:—] To fatten; to pamper.

⁶ This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to
doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the
crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross,

KING RICHARD III.

12

*Enter GLOSTER, in a balcony, above, between two Bishops.⁷
CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man⁸.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your
grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme feat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)

The

⁷ " At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to
them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop on every hande of
hym, where they beneth might see him and speake to him, as though
he would not yet come nere them, til he wist what they meant." *Holl.*
⁸ I. e. to know a holy man by.

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,⁹
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion!
 Which to recure², we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land:
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consoled with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
 If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable,

⁹ Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root."

¹ I believe we should read:

*And almost smoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,
 That is, almost smother'd, covered and lost. JOHNSON.*

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed up to the shoulders. MALONE.

² To recure is to recover. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591.

Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
 (And much I need to help you³, if need were;)
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial⁴,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts

³ And I *want much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

⁴ *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import.

To base declension and loath'd bigamy⁵ :
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive⁶,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse⁷,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And,

⁵ *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once ; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

⁶ The duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive," is meant the dutchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

⁷ —*effeminate remorse*,] i. e. pity.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit CATESBY.*]
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God blefs your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!—

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends^s.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, Anne Dutchess of Gloster², leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet¹,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne:

¹ We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472.

² The old dutchess of York calls Clarence's daughter her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so²;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the dutchess of Gloster.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

O 3

Stan.

² That is, *I may not so resign my office, which you offer to take on you at your peril.*

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accur'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!*

And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd³.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide
thee!—

[To Dorset.

Go

³ 'Tis recorded by Polydore Vergil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction.

KING RICHARD III.

83

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[To 2. Eliz.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen⁴,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

2. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow⁵

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell⁶. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as king upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch⁷,

O 4

To

⁴ Shakspeare has here, we believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his dutchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495.

⁵ To call the Tower nurse and *playfellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant.

⁶ Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action.

⁷ To play the touch is to represent the touchstone.

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—

Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes ;

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit *Buck.*

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip^s.
[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[descends from his throne.

And unrespective boys^o ; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes :—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death¹ ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page.

^o Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry.

¹ *Unrespective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconsiderate.

² — *close exploit*—] is secret act.

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither,
boy.— [Exit *Page*.]

The deep-revolving witty² Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit *CATESBY*.]

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

O 5

K. Rich.

² —witty—] in this place signifies judicious or cunning. A wit was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for wisdom or judgment.

K. Rich. Dar'ft thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haft it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon³:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.

Have

3 — deal upon:] i. e. act upon.

Have told me, I being by⁴, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke⁵

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock⁶, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.]

⁴ The duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy.

⁵ An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automaton, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. These automaton were called *Jacks* of the clock house, because *Jack* in our authour's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices.

⁶ To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's estate lay.

SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaſter innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almoſt chang'd my mind ;
But, O, the devil—there the villain ſtopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—we ſmotherd
The moſt replenish'd ſweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.—
 Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorse,
 They could not ſpeak ; and ſo I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my ſovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;

But

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond⁸ aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay⁹;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ He was confined in Sheriff-Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire.

⁸ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody.

⁹ Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay.

SCENE

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter Queen MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction¹ am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right²
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
 When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done³?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
 Woe's

¹ *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part.

² This is one of these conceits which our authour may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice*.

³ That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action?

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory⁴,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow⁵ with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;

God

⁴ — *seniory,*] for *seniority*.

⁵ *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion, and is a word yet in use; but we have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*.

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

2. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot⁶, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragick play,

The adulterate Hastings⁷, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

2. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

2. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant⁸,

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream

⁶ *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. A *bleffing* is used in the same sense.

⁷ Hastings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband.

⁸ *Pageants* are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on publick occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it.

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot⁹;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this¹, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz.

⁹ Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted.

¹ i. e. run through all this from first to last.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. *[Exit Q. MARGARET.]*

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum, within.]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatiencè.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition²,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me³ in thy company ?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphry Hour⁴, that
call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again. ,

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or

² A spice or particle of your temper or disposition.

³ To grace seems here to mean the same as to bless, to make happy. So, gracious is kind, and graces are favours.

⁴ This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. We cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that hour of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast.

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
 My prayers on the adverse party fight;
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory!
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
 Shame serves thy life^s, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
 to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam^e, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
 For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
 Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich.

^s To serve is to accompany, servants being near the persons of their masters.

^e On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny⁷.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart⁸,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of fails and tackling rest,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type⁹ of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise¹ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will

⁷ i. e. unavoidable.

⁸ This conceit seems to have been a great favourite of Shakspeare.
We meet with it more than once.

⁹ Type is exhibition, shew, display.

¹ The common meaning of the verb to demise is to grant, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.—The constant language of leases is, “—demised, granted, and to farm let.” But the word is perhaps used by no poet but Shakspeare.

Will I withal endow a child of thine;
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
 Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
 daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
 So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
 And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
 I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
 And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
 king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else
 should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
 As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
 A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
 Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
 Therefore present to her, — as sometime Margaret
 Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
 If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
 Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
 Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate
thee²,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil³.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of⁴ her, for whom you bid like sorrow⁵.

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:

The

² The sense seems to require that we should read, ironically

— but love thee,

³ Spoil is waste, havock.

⁴ Of in the language of Shakspeare's age was frequently used for by.

⁵ Bid is in the past tense from hide.

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail⁶ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids⁷.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz.

⁶ i. e. recount.

⁷ Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law, Lev. xviii. 14.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
 For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
 Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness, and thine;
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her:
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz.

3 A
9 I
represent

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed^a
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*kissing her.* Exit *Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk^b ;—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

P 2

K. Rich.

^a Alluding to the phoenix.

^b Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; — Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd, — Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad! What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him! White-liver'd runagate*, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd? Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou

* This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Gifford in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, speaking of the Hylotes, says:

“Leave those precepts to the white-liver'd Hylotes.”

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond:

I will not trust you, fir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave
behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother;

With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mes. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors²

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

P 3

Enter

² More associates.

KING RICHARD III.

*Enter another Messenger.*1. *Mef.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?*[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mef.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.*K. Rich.* O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?3. *Mef.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.*Enter another Messenger.*4. *Mef.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.*Enter CATESBY.**Cate.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford*,

Is

* The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Har-
fleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven
on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welch would
receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at
Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married
Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

Is colder news, but yet they must be told⁵.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here⁶,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY, and Sir Christopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me⁷:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;

The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;

Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;

And many other of great fame and worth:

And towards London do they bend their course,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel.

[*gives papers to sir Christopher.* *Exeunt.*]

⁵ This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural.

⁶ i. e. while we *talk* here.

⁷ Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.**Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.**Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
 Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
 'This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomf-day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies:
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs⁸.
 That high All-seer which I dally'd with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come,

⁸ Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respite*d.

Wrongs in this line means *wrong* done; injurious practices.

Come, firs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
 [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

S C E N E II.

Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD¹.
 Sir James BLUNT², Sir Walter HERBERT, and
 Others, with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms³,—this foul swine
 Lies now⁴ even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

P 5

From

¹ This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act; so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the authour in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors. JOHNSON.

² John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth.

³ He had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the earl of Oxford in his escape.

⁴ Exenterated; ripped up.

⁵ i. e. sojourns.

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords⁵,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account⁶:

Besides,

⁵ Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes.*"

⁶ Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—

Call for some men of sound direction⁷ :—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir William BRANDON, OXFORD, and other lords. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :—

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;—

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent :—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RAT-
CLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch³:—

[*To Catesby.*
Saddle

³ A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,—

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

JOHNSON:

The word *give* shews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle*. MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves⁹ be found, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland¹?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time², from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. RICHARD retires into his tent. Exit RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY.*]

Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan:

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer. STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Staves* are the wood of the lances. As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence.

¹ Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause.

² *Cock-shut time*, i. e. twilight.

Stan. 1, by attorney³, bleſs thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
 And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
 In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war.
 I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
 With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
 But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
 Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George
 Be executed in his father's fight.

Farewell: The leiſure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love⁴,
 And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
 Which ſo long ſunder'd friends ſhould dwell upon;
 God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
 Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
 I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
 Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe⁵ me down to-morrow,
 When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. *with* STANLEY..

O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Put in their hands thy bruſing irons of wrath,
 That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
 The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
 Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
 That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,

Ere

³ — *by attorney*, —] By deputation.

⁴ We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this; however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if leiſure would permit*, where *leiſure*, as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of leiſure*.

⁵ To *peiſe*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peſer*, Fr.

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.

*The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth,
rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[to K. Richard.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[to K. Rich.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [to Richm.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king⁶,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[to K. Rich.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine⁷,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [to Richm.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

⁶ This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth*.

⁷ *Fulsome*, was sometimes used in the sense of *unfluous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmsey.

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair, and die! [to K. Rich.]

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [to K. Rich.]

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day! [to Richm.]

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [to K. Rich.]
And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [to Richm.]
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Lady Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [to Richm.]
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[to K. Rich.

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terrour of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope⁸, ere I could lend thee aid:

[to Richm.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse⁹,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Left I revenge. What? Myself upon-myself?
Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And

⁸ I died for only having hoped to give you that assistance, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality.

⁹ There is in this, as in many of our authour's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.

And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd^{*}
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
 What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terrour to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, and RATCLIFF.*

Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD, and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
 That

^{*} These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words: *Fool, do not flatter.*

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means² to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair³, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;

IF

² To make means was, in Shakspeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices.

³ It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. MALONE.

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace; the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
 God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff.—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich.

⁴ The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse.

⁵ *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—Caparison my horse ;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeft horse.
This, and saint George to boot ⁶ !—What think'st thou,
Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*giving a scrowl.*

K. Rich. *Jokey of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [*reads.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold ⁷.

A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—

A fort

⁶ That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success ;
and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. *JOHNS.*
To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not over and above.

HAWKINS.

⁷ *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*.

A sort of vagabonds⁸, rascals, and run-aways,
 A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one⁹, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost;
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Britons; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves¹!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our

⁸ A *sort*, that is, a company, a collection.

⁹ i. e. they would lay *restrictions* on the possession of your lands; impose *exactions* on the proprietors of them.

¹ That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.*

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fry dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger²;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be fix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him³:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;

Wear

² *Daring an opposite to every danger;*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Daring and opposite to every danger. TYRWHITT.

³ Shakespeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the first Part of *King Henry IV.*

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen! [*Exeunt.*]

4 This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scents noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.



K I N G H E N R Y V I I I .

Vol. V.

P



••• THIS historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Catharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Catharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story"; but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat¹, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is², beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend³),

Will

¹ Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own.

² This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion of truth*, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

³ These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

—th' opinion, that we bring

Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to pretend. STEEVENS.

If



P R O L O G U E.

5

Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we could make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

P 3

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words and reading—

That only true to make we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue in which great stress is laid upon the truth of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, under the description of a "*new play, called All is True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.*" The extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the cardinal Wolsey's house, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, "the burning of the Globe or playhouse, on the Bank-side, on St. Peter's-day [1613,] which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." B. Jonson, in his *Exercitation upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at the play of Henry the VIIIth.

In a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related. "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd &c. MS. Harl. 17002."

TYRWHITT

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV.* character.—To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue,) could never have fallen from the modest Shakespeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play, in 1613. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. * Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Serjeant at arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Catharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced:

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I, SCENE I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERCAVENNY.

Buck. **G**OOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer¹
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory², those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together³;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

P 4

Buck.

¹ An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed.

² That is, those glorious suns.

³ That is, as if they grew together.

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself⁴. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's⁵: To-day, the French,
All clinquant⁶, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure⁷. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit;
That Bevis was believ'd⁸.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor.

⁴ The author only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp* was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before. Pomp is married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old.

⁵ *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews.

⁶ All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*.

⁷ Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance.

⁸ The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing¹
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal²;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function³.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element⁴
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities⁵? I wonder,
That such a keech⁶ can with his very bulk

P 5

Take

(or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*.

¹ The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action.

² This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald MALONE.

³ The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place.

⁴ No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person.

⁵ *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier*, for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEVENS.

⁶ A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould called yet in some places a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There

Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king ?

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file^a
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out^a;

Must

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt.
Wolsey was the son of a *butcher*, and in the second part of *King Henry IV.*
a butcher's wife is called—*Goody Keesb*.

⁷ It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that
we should read :

A gift that heaven gives ; which buys for him

A place next to the king. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakespeare wrote—*gives to him*, which will
seve any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is
unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift,
or deposit, *buys a place*, &c. STEEVENS.

^a — *the file*] That is, *the list*.

⁹ It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained
by

Must fetch him in he papers¹.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey². What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue³?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was³
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath slaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

P 6

Our

by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council.*
“The peers of the realme receiuing letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile.*” MALONE.

¹ He papers,—a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning.

POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, STEEV.

² What effect had this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion.

³ From Holinshed: “Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous forme* of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow—between princes.”—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from *Hall*, whom he calls Shakspeare's author; but Holinshed, and not Hall, was his author; as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found so combined in Hall's *Chronicle*. MALONE.

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd⁴?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace⁵; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock⁶,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*

Buck.

⁴ The French ambassador residing in England, by being refused an audience, may be said to be silenc'd.

⁵ A fine name of a peace. Ironically.

⁶ To make the rock come is not very just.

Buck. This butcher's cur⁷ is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood⁸.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick⁹: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour¹ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot²
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,

By

⁷ Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher of Ipswich.
Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham
was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of
England was worried to death by a butcher's dog."

⁸ That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more
prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a con-
temptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the
ancient, unletter'd, martial nobility.

⁹ He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

¹ I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank,
or say that all distinctions of persons is at an end.

² Might not Shakspeare allude to Dan. iii. 22? "Therefore because
the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot,
the flame of fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and
Abednego."

By violent swiftneſs, that which we run at,
 And loſe by over-running. Know you not,
 'The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In ſeeming to augment it, waſtes it? Be advis'd;
 I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
 More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
 If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
 By your preſcription:—but this top-proud fellow,
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From ſincere motions³;) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
 We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not, treaſonous.

Buck. To the king I'll ſay't; and make my vouch as ſtrong
 As ſhore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous⁴,
 As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another⁵, yea, reciprocally,) *As*
 Only to ſhew his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our maſter⁶.
 To this laſt coſtly treaty, the interview,
 That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
 Did break i' the riſing.

Nor. 'Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, ſir. This cunning cardinal
 The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,

³ Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *same* not, should be *blame* not.

⁴ *Equal* for *equally*. Shakspeare frequently uſes adjectives adverbially.

⁵ This is very ſatirical. His mind he repreſents as highly corrupt; and yet he ſuppoſes the contagion of the *place* of firſt miniſter as adding an infection to it.

⁶ *ſuggeſts*, for *excites*.

As give a crutch to the dead : But our count-cardinal ⁷
 Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He privily
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't ⁸.

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
 or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name

Of

⁷ Wolsey is afterwards called *king-cardinal*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court-cardinal*.

⁸ That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or *supposed* by you to be.

Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry⁹
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[to Aber.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court¹,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor²,

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins³?

Bran. He.

Buck.

⁹ I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye witness of your loss of liberty.

¹ The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Cor*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 363.

² One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor,] Old Copy—*counsellor*. Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert *Perke* priest, the duke's chancellor."

At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,

Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor. THEOBALD.

³ The old copy has *Michael Hopkins*. Mr. Theobald made the commendation, conformably to the chronicle: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Brittow, called Henton." In the Ms. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.*

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already⁴:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun⁵.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it¹,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

OF

⁴ To span is to gripe, or inclose in the band; to span is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.

⁵ These lines have pained all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow figure to be taken, as now, for dignity or importance, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place,

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Mr. Maſon has obſerved that Dr. Johnson did not do juſtice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackſtone had already explained the paſſage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's firſt conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable ſenſe may be given to theſe obſcure lines. "I am but the ſhadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this ſhadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interpoſes between me and) my clear ſun; that is, the favour of my ſovereign." BLACKSTONE.

¹ *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular ſenſe, for the moſt valuable or precious part.

Of a full-charg'd confederacy^a, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treaions of his master
He shall again relate.

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their
several places. The Cardinal places himself under the
king's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes
her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is giv'n;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Cath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office; is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Cath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath slaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions^b, yet the king our master,

(Whose

part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted
and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and
inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*.

^a To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*,
so as to be hit by the shot.

^b The *insigat*or of these exactions; the person who suggested to the
king the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his
subjects.

(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing⁴, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them⁵.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file⁶
Where others tell steps with me.

2. Cath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame⁷

Things

⁴ The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

"*The kings before their many rode.*" JOHNSON.

I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*. Thus *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them: "*—the mutable rank-scented many.*" STEEVE.

⁵ *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARR.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third in his *Bouge of Court*; and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto.

⁶ I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stepped in the same line with them. MASON.

⁷ That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the

Things, that are known alike ; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you ; or else, you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !

The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Cath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold mouths ;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will¹. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business².

King. By my life,

This
the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and
known equally by all. *Mason.*

¹ The meaning, I think, is, Things are now in such a situation,
that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast
over duty and allegiance.

² In the old edition : *There is no primer baseness.* The queen is here
complaining of the suffering of the commons ; which, she suspects, arose
from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved
in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be as-
sured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness* ;
but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and
yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore :

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. *WARR.*
I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No
primer baseness is a mischief more ripe or ready for redress. *STEEV.*

This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint¹
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope² malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones³, is
Not ours, or not allow'd⁴; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality⁵, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or fit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark⁶, and part o' the timber;
And,

¹ To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*.

² To *engage with*; to *encounter*. The word is still used in some counties.

³ *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

⁴ — or not allow'd;] Not approved.

⁵ The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions.

⁶ *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches.

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement⁷
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Cath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
 The gentleman is learn'd⁸, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself⁹. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd¹, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,

Hath

⁷ So, in Holinshed, p. 392: "The cardinal, to deliver himself from the evil will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abroad, that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things."

⁸ It appears from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the *Knight of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*, the printer, adds, "this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne*, of whom *simially* is descended my said lord." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

⁹ Beyond the treasures of his own mind.

¹ Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions.

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Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point².
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Cath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins³.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute

With

² Note this particular part of this dangerous design.

³ The old copy has here and in the next line—Nicholas Henton. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The mistake was probably Shakspeare's own, and he might have been led into it by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in a passage already quoted from Holinshed, not to the monastery, but to the monk.

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surr. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose⁴, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal⁵
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain⁶ the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

2. Cath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;

Yes,

⁴ This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Taylors' company, and is now the Merchant Taylors' school in Suffolk Lane.

⁵ The old copy reads—the *confession's* seal. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, and supports it by the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of confession, to keep secret such matter." Holinshed, p. 863.

⁶ For the insertion of the word *gain*, I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that, I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty of England."

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Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*

It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant*,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

VOL. V.

Q

King.

* Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What,* says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?*

† Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's.

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain¹, and Lord Sands:

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries²?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face³; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors

To

¹ Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king, in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office.

² *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *munners* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *munners* in a mystery.

³ A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them⁴.

Cham. Death! my lord,

Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave these remuante
Of fool, and feather⁵, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches⁶, and those types of travel,

Q 2

And

* The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

5 This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads."

6 i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read *bolster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning.

And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
 Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're going;
 (For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
 Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
 Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
 This night 'e makes a supper, and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
 His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
 He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
 Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
 Men of his way should be most liberal,
 They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

But

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays⁷;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, Anne
Bullen; and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as guests; at another door, enter Sir Henry GUILFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy⁸, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir Thomas
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet⁹ ere they rested,

Q 3

I think,

⁷ The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall.

⁸ Milton has copied this word: "*A bevy of fair dames.*"

⁹ This seems to have meant a *baſy* banquet. "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habington in his *History of K. Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The *baſy banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation.

I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Low. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank you lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.]
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. *[kisses her.]*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes
his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry;
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. *[drinks.]*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,

I am

I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—
 Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
 In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them
 Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
 My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play¹.
 Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
 For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within : chambers discharged*].

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant*].

Wol. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
 By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
 For so they seem : they have left their barge², and landed ;
 And hither make, as great ambassadors
 From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
 Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;
 And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Q 4

Shall

¹ — if I make my play.] i. e. if I make my party.

² A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder ; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither.

³ They have left their barge.] See p. 32, n. 1. MALONE.

Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,

I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Annie Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham.

* For an account of this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921.

The account of this masque was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the king, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish,) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, "then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy." *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641. MALONE.

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it⁵.

Wol. Let me see then.— [*comes from his state.*]
By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal⁶ : [*unmasking.*]
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily⁷.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pry'thee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you⁸.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

Q 5

I fear

⁵ — take it.] That is, take the chief place.

⁶ Holinshed says the cardinal mistook, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville ; upon which the king only laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's.

⁷ That is, unluckily, mischievously.

⁸ A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner.

I fear, with dancing is a little heated⁹.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner.
I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* Whither away so fast ?

2. *Gen.* O,—God save you !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1. *Gen.* I'll save you

That labour, fir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gen.* Were you there ?

1. *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

1. *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gen.* Is he found guilty ?

1. *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2. *Gen.* I am sorry for't.

1. *Gen.*

⁹ The king on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him: and, thereupon went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning." *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.*

1. *Gen.* So are a number more.

2. *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gen.* The same,
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten¹.

2. *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely²,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1. *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

Q 6

1. *Gen.*

¹ Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity.

² This circumstance is taken from Holinshed:—"After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, fore-chafing, and *sweat marvelously*."

1. *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2. *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirrour of all courtesy;—

1. *Gen.* Stay there, fir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves
before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds
on each side: with him, Sir Thomas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas
VAUX, Sir William SANDS³, and common people.*

2. *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The

³ The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May 1521,) only a baronet, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolfsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

The law I bear no malice for my death,
 It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
 But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils⁴ on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me⁵,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name:

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
 Shall make my grave⁶.—Commend me to his grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall

⁴ The word *evil* appears to have been sometimes used in our author's time in the sense of *forica*.

⁵ These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

⁶ Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our author is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this. STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads *mark my grave*; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction.

Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever below'd, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Low. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun⁷ :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it⁸ ;
 And with that blood, will make them one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry

⁷ The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford: Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford* ; but the *Hist. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says : " it seems he affected that surname [of *Bobun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns* ; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bobun* ? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT* ; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. *TOLIER.*

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. *MALONE.*

⁸ I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewel:

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1. *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 'That were the authors.

2. *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1. *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2. *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith⁹ to conceal it.

1. *Gen.* Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

1. *Gen.*

⁹ Is great fidelity.

2. Gen. I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Catharine?

1. Gen. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not
cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—*The horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the
north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took*

'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew;
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare

Look

42 KING HENRY VIII.

Look into these affairs, see this main end¹,—
The French king's sister². Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages³: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please⁴.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Norfolk.

¹ All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, namely, the French king's sister.

² i. e. the duchess of Alençon.

³ This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants.

⁴ The mass must be fashioned into pitch or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS.

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The king is discovered sitting and reading pensively⁵.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences.
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way.
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[To Campeius.]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care.

I be

⁵ The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "The scene opens, and discovers the king," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing scenes, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres.*

I be not found a talker⁶. [To Wolsey.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suf.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick⁷ though, for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do, [Aside.]

I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt NOR. and SUF.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom:

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices⁸; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome;

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

King.

⁶ I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that any promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

⁸ The construction is, *have sent their free voices*; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit WOLSEY.]*

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. *[Aside.]*

King. Come hither, Gardiner. *[They converse apart.]*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still⁹: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For

⁹ Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd—O my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
 O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
 pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
 So many courses of the sun-enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt¹! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce²
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again³.

Anne.

¹ To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

² She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation.

³ I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

⁴ Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman.

KING HENRY VIH.

47

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having⁴.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you;
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril⁵ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little⁶;
I would

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an English woman, and was princess dowager of Wales.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to be the true one. MALONE.

⁴ That is, our best possession. In Spanish, *baxiends*.

⁵ Is kid-skin, soft leather.

⁶ The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a queen, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a dutchess, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness; *Pluck off a little*, says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embassing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire⁷, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Goodmorrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

Commends

and then adds, *I would not be a young count in your way*; which is still
an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of.

⁷ *Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but
what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Ed-
ward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little Eng-
land* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the
Flemings settled in Henry Ist's time, who speaking a language very dis-
ferent from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to English, this fer-
tile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little
England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be
justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*.

You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty.

This explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as
Anne Bullen was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty,
nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLER.

Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously this distinction be-
tween a queen-consort and a queen-regent. MASON.

Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing⁸: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd⁹, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit²,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well³; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle⁴?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt two early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, (O fate!)

VOL. V.

R

A very

⁸ Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

⁹ The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

¹ I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed.

² From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*.

³ Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no⁴.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt⁵:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, fennet⁶, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short

⁴ Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:—for *two-pence*. The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. *Forty pence*, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

⁵ The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

⁶ Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and dis-

short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars¹; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

R 2

It

cover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick.

Senné or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblée. *Dis*, de vieux *Language*:

“*Senne assemblée a son de cloche.*” *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *senesse* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *Henry VI. P. III.* after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: “*Senet. Here they [the lords] come down [from their seats].*” In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *sennet on cornets*. MALONE.

¹ Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars.

A6

It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Catharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court^s, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Cath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice^o;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,

As

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the two silver pillars usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. Wolsey had "two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm." This is from Vol. III. p. 920 of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop.

^o "Because (says Cavendish,) she could not come to the king directly, for the distance severed between them."

^o This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations.

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, .
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wal. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court¹; as well

R 3

For

¹ That you desire to *protrast* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a longer day, i. e. a more

For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Cath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Cath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Cath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge² : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge³ ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects

OF

more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*.

² *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him*.

³ These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Detestor and *Recuso*. The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than *I protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's :—" and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge." MALONE.

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present: If it be known to him,
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea; as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

2. *Cath.* My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
 mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling⁴, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will⁵, as't please

R 4 — Your

⁴ I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue: and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got power, you do not regard your word.*

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it. — By *powers* are meant the emperor and the king of France, in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly retained. MASON.
 Whoever

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the
 court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Cath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
 way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts

Sovereign

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*. Shakspeare, surely,
 does not mean to say that Wolsey was *retained* by them, but that they
 were *retainers*, or subservient, to Wolsey. MALONE.

I believe we should read:

“Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,

“Domesticks to you, &c.”

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of
 government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *re-*
tainers, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out ⁶;) The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born; And, like her true nobility, she has Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd ⁷;) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point ⁸,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—

R 5

Then

⁶ If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise.

⁷ The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this. I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and at once; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied.

⁸ The *king*, having first addressed to *Wolsey*, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business.

Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed
to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick⁹, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By the biſhop of Bayonne, then French ambaffador ;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage, twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I the progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean, the biſhop) did require a reſpite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertiſe
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breſt ; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſs'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt heir o'the world, ſhould not
Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild ſea¹ of my conscience, I did ſteer

Toward

⁹ Prick of conscience was the term in confeſſion.

The expreſſion is from Holinſhed, where the king ſays : " The ſpecial cauſe that moved me unto this matter was a certaine ſcrupuloſitie that prick'd my conscience," &c. See *Holinſhed*, p. 907.

¹ That is, floating without guidance ; toſs'd here and there.

The

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you²,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on :
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

R 6

Catharine

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *bull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *bull* or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

² “I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And so far as then yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question ; and so I did all of you, my lords.” *Holinshed's Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908.

Catharine our queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o'the world³.

Cam. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holineſs. [*They riſe to depart*⁴.
Aſide.

King. I may perceive,
Theſe cardinals triſtle with me : I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

*The Queen, and ſome of her Women, at work*⁵.

Q. Cath. Take thy lute, wench : my ſoul grows ſad
with troubles ;
Sing, and diſperſe them, if thou canſt : leave working.
SONG

³ *That's paragon'd o'the world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better :
— *the primeſt creature*

That's paragon o'the world. JOHNSON.

⁴ *They riſe to depart.*] Here the modern editors add : [*the king ſpeaks
to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and
was wrongly introduced by ſome ſubſequent editor. Cranmer was now
abſent from court on an embaſſy, as appears from the laſt ſcene of this
act, where Cromwell informs Wolſey, that he is return'd and inſtall'd
archbiſhop of Canterbury :

My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant, Cranmer,

Pr'ythee return !—

is no more than an apoſtrophe to the abſent biſhop of that name.

⁵ Her majeſty (ſays Cavendiſh,) on being informed that the cardi-
nals were coming to viſit her, “ roſe up, having a ſkein of red ſilke
about her neck, being at work with her maidens.” Cavendiſh attended
Wolſey in this viſit; and the queen's answer in p. 72, is exactly con-
formable

KING HENRY VIII.
SONG.

61

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Cath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence⁶.

Q. Cath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam,

Q. Cath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me; a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous?
But all hoods make not monks⁸.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Cath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol,

formable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.

⁶ *Wait in the presence.*] i. e. in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

⁷ Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are for as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors.

⁸ *All hoods make not monks.*] *Cucullus non facit monachum*, STEEV.

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Cath. Speak it here ;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them⁹,
I know my life so even : If your business
Seek me out¹, and that way I am wise in²,
Out with it boldly ; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina ser-*
nissima,—

Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin³ ;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,

May

⁹ I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

Envy in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So afterwards :

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*."

¹ I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read—*if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am wise in*. i. e. in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT.

Sir W. Blackstone would read—*If 'tis your business to seek me, &c.*

² That is, if you come to examine *the stile* by which I am the king's wife ; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published :

And that way I am wise in. JOHNSON.

³ So, Holinshed, p. 908 : "Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie, good my lord, (quoth she) speake to me in English."

May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.

Q. Cath. To betray me.

[*Aside*]

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been ⁴, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Cath. In England,

But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,

That

⁴ For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed.

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest⁵),
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions⁶,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Cath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Cath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Cath. The more shame for ye⁷; holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,

I have

⁵ Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live?

⁶ This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to *weigh out*, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome for come over*. STEEVENS.

⁷ If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Catharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*.

I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Cath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits.)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king: lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband;
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Cath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or

* That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required.

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces^a, but heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

To her women.
 Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
 With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you; ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
 Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Cath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray,

^a She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them¹ with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them : If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
 Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected²? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,
 Out of himself³?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
 What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
 What we can do to him, (though now the time
 Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft

Over

¹ — *And force them—*] Force is enforce, urge.

² *Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?*
Uncontemn'd, must be understood, as if the author had written *not*
contemn'd.

³ *When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another?*

Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings *
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way⁵. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace

* Private practices opposite to his publick procedure.

⁵ To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct
and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

Trace the conjunction⁶!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁷

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom⁸: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more

Shall

⁶ To trace, is to follow.

⁷ To memorize is to make memorable.

⁸ The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, says *Suffolk*, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to—on the occasion.—Or, perhaps, the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes,) may mean—He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.

Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business,

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister; he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string.
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule?; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?

Forsooth

⁹ That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*.

¹ Sallust describing the disturbed state of Cataline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.—“*citus modo, modo tardus incessus.*”

Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my 'breth'ren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown

His

His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours²:—my endeavour,
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities³: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

VEL. V.

S

On

² The sense, is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces"; which, says Wolsey, no human endeavour could requite. MALONE.

³ My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fill'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty*,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be[†].
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*]

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account

Of

* Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor.

† I suppose, the meaning is, that, or such a man, I am, have been, and will ever be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardneses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line; and indeed I have some doubt whether a comma might not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl
 of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-
 mands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
 To Asher house ⁶, my lord of Winchester's ⁷,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
 (I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,

S 2

I dare,

⁶ This, as Mr. Warner has observed, was the ancient name of *Esher* ; as appears from *Holinshed* : “—and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher*.” *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 909.

⁷ Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester : unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick.

I dare, and must deny it³. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 (Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit.

I answer,

³ Wolsey had said:

— words cannot carry

Authority so mighty.

To which they reply: *Who dare cross them? &c.*

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech: *Till I find more
 than will or words, (I mean more than your malicious will and words,) to
 do it; that is, to carry authority so mighty; I will deny to return what
 the king has given me.*

I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded⁹ by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks¹.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands; cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell², when the brown wench
So³ quailed of old men Lay

⁹ To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse; or perhaps to be ridden by a priest;—to have him mounted above us.

¹ It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

² The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Hof* approaching when

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur.

when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing³
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*⁴,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root⁵,

§ 4

And

³ *Mere* is absolute.

⁴ It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*.

⁵ — *nips his root*,] “As spring-frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees,” Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin⁶,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer⁷,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,

A great

terations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the root, but then to nip the shoots does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poësies*:

"And frosts so nip the rootes of vertuous-meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

⁶ That is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. So before:

"He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

"Leap'd from his eyes."

⁷ And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

"Your fault not half so great as was my pride,"

"For which offence fell Lucifer from the skies."

In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,

"We fall at once like pillars of the funne," &c.

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

S. 5. What

* The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears
is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect
the following epigram of Martial:

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,

Fluxit in obstantem succina gutta feram;

Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,

Concreto riguit victa repente gelu.

Næ tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,

Vipera si rursus nobilior jacet.

The Heliades certainly wept a tomb of tears over the viper. STREV.

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;

And

* The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the printed account, was eight hundred.

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour, —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition¹;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal²
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT

¹ Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to rise, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: "—then if thou fall'st," &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means.

² This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have express'd himself in

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street in Westminster.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*1. Gen. You are well met once again³.

2. Gen. So are you.

1. Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?2. Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.1. Gen. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.2. Gen. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds⁴;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day⁵ with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.1. Gen. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.2. Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1. Gen.

the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I have served him,
he would never have condemned me to all eternity."

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made
the same pathetick complaint: "*Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces be-
nignes puissances [la cour de Turin], que si j'en eusse eu autant pour
Dieu, je ne doubte point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompense de son paradis.*"

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced
for the basest treachery to his king, in the affair of the divorce: but
it shews how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to
themselves.

³—*once again.*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act.

⁴—*their royal minds;*] i. e. their minds well affected to their king. Mr.
Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. we
have "*royal faith*," that is faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer
changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late
editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same
expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces
me that there is no error in the text in either place. MALONE.

⁵—*this day.*] Hanmer reads—*these days*; but Shakspeare meant
such a day as this, a coronation-day. And such is the English idiom,
which our authour commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

1. *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2. *Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for no appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady! — *[Trumpets.]*
The trumpets found: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. Two judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. *[Musick.]*
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. *A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2. *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. *Gen.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2. *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1. *Gen.* Yes.

2. *Gen.* Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the queen.* Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gen.* They, that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gen.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her. I take it, she that carries up the train, Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed; And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3. *Gen.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gen.*

2. *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3. *Gen.* That I did.

1. *Gen.* How was it?

3. *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gen.* Good fir, speak it to us.

3. *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, fir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3. *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gen.*

⁶ — *like rams* —] That is, like battering rams.

JOHNSON.

1. *Gen.* Sir,

You must no more call it York place, that's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3. *Gen.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2. *Gen.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3. *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary.)
The other, London.

2. *Gen.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gen.* All the land knows that:

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell; a man in much esteem
With the king, and truly a worthy friend.
The king has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

*Enter CATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIF-
FITH and Patience.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Cath.

¹ This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and
perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, with-
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9 i.

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : Reach a chair ;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example⁸.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads⁹, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—O father abbot,
*An old man, braken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,

And

out gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

⁸ Happily seems to mean on this occasion—peradventure, haply.

⁹ i. e. by short stages.

And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach¹, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom²: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill³, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out live the good that did it⁴;

The

¹ i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*.

² Ty'd all the kingdom:] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he ty'd, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom.

³ Of his own body he was ill,] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*.

⁴ Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good *man*; the virtuous

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,
 six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads
 garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces;
 branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first
 congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the
 first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which,
 the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that
 held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two,
 who observe the same order in their changes, and holding
 the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the
 same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the
 same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she
 makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her
 hands.

virtuous prelate who founded it. So, in *the Winter's Tale*:—"a piece
 many years in doing."

hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Cath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Cath. You are a fawcy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messen.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my fight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[giving it to CATH.]

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves⁵, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon

⁵ The model of our chaste loves—] Model is image or representative.

Upon my wretched women, that so long,
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
 (And now I should not lye,) but will deserve,
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband; let him be a noble;
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by;
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
 Or let me loose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness:
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
 I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Gallery in the Palace.**Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Low. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁶
With the duke of Suffolk.

Low. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk⁷
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Low. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Low. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve

⁶ A game at cards.

⁷ Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.

Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, fir, fir,—

Hear me, fir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way⁸; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, fir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, fir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments⁹,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, fir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick¹, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king²; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented³. He's a rank weed, fir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, fir Thomas.

Lov.

⁸ Mine own opinion in religion.

⁹ Trade is the *practised method*, the *general course*.

So, in *K. Richard II*:

“Some way of common trade.”

¹ I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus *incited* them against him,

² They have broken silence; told their minds to the king.

³ *Convented* is *summoned*, *convened*.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

As LOVEL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.— Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman I sent your message; who return'd her thanks In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles, Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that, which company Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

* *Enter Sir Anthony DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.

VOL. V.

T

King.

⁴ The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, Sec. 1563.

KING HENRY VIII.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.]

Low. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt LOVEL, and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us^s,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most

^s You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred.

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man⁶.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on⁷ is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies⁸,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
'To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck⁹,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

T 2

And

⁶ *Poor man* belongs probably to the king's reply.

⁷ Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, *The ground I stand on*.

⁸ *Cranmer*, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. *MALONE*.

⁹ *To ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers.

And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [within]. Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever blest her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,

As

¹ It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. MALONE. JOHNSON.

As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel²,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—How!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,

T 3

(God

² Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEEVENS.

(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,) To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me Wait else at door ; a fellow counsellor, Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,

(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;

We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor³, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest

³ In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him *Lord Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth.

rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now⁴.

[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,

T. 4

(For

⁴ It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the *outside* of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage direction in the old copy, which is, "*Cranmer approaches the council-table*", not, "*Cranmer enters the council-chamber*," seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the "appliances and aids" that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber, see the *Account of the old theatres*. MALONE.

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany⁵, can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart⁶, my lords,)
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face;
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 And

⁵ *The upper Germany, &c.*] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

⁶ — *a single heart*—] A heart void of duplicity or guile.

And our content, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers⁷,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man⁸.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!

T 5

Men's

⁷ Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

⁸ This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

"— O my lord,

"Preys not a falling man too far."

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other

Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him ?

'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base^o to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*to Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not¹.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

T 6

This

^o i. e. the commendations above mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote — They are too thin and *bare*; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *K. Henry IV.*
P. I. MALONE.

¹ Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also; who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons²;
 you shall have

Two

² It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. *Johnson.*

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists;

Two noble partners with you ; the old dutchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset ; Will these please you ?

Once

lifts ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartolomeu Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind :

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* observes that " the general mode of eating must either have been with the spoon or the fingers ; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that spoons became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings."

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Mss. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period :

" Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy : No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I ; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what ? says he.—I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latins] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entit'ed *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. " At this time," [the first year of Queen Elizabeth,] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, " and for many yeeres before, it was not the use and custome, as now it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoons*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening shirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blew thread ; the best of them for chief persons were edged with a small lace of black silke and golde ; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldome above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of *apostle spoons*, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to ascertain. Probably however he is here accurate ; for we know that certain pieces of plate were on some occasions then bestowed ; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verifys'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A sbrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do
you take the court for Paris-garden³? ye rude slaves leave
your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you
rogue, Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree slaves, and strong ones; these are but switches
to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing
christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you
rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless

of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were
a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. *Chron.*
Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

3 — *Paris-garden?*] The bear-garden of that time.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-side was so called from
Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King
Richard II. *Rot. Claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's *Glossogra.*

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on
the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this
noted place of tumult and disorder. See a south view of London, (as
it appeared in 1599) published by T. Wood, Chancery-Lane 1771.

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning⁴; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, fir.

Port. You did nothing, fir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor fir Guy, nor Colbrand⁵, to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in⁶? or have we some strange Indian⁷ with the great tool come to court,

⁴ It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a maying on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion.

Stow says, that "in the month of May, namely on May day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255.

⁵ Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.

⁶ The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields.

⁷ — To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 16113 And in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, and Shakspeare, 1634:

Fig. i. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors.

court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face⁵, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake⁹ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit¹ near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head², for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor³ once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs*!⁴ when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand⁵, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot⁶, deliver'd

⁸ A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood.

⁹ A *fire drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 2vo. 1616: "Fire-drake. A fire sometimes seen flying in the night, like a dragon. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal exhalation, inflamed between two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."

¹ Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: "—and all haberdashers of small wit, I presume."

² Her pink'd porringer is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer.

³ — the meteor —] The fire-drake, the brazier.

⁴ This was the usual cry, when an affray happened in the street. By *clubs*, persons armed with clubs or staves were meant.

⁵ — the hope of the strand,] Hammer reads, the forlorn hope.

⁶ — loose shot —] i. e. loose or random shooters.

deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples'; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house^s, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some

⁷ The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny." In *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:—"break in at plays like prentices, for three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again." Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604, *Simpenny rooms* in play houses are spoken of. Again, in the *Bellman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy twopence to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot." See the *Account of our old Theatres*.

⁸ I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and merry, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, lately deceased." Printed by John Raftel, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechyng on *oure byll*." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—*the limbs of Limehouse*. A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarity; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs. STEEVENS.

It

some of them in *Limbo Patrum*⁹, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beads¹, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,

W^s

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent. It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*; and, *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain London 'prentices. The fighting for bitten apples, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, and the words—"which no audience can endure," might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators. *The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers*, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a limb of the school, she says, a little limb of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars *play-boys*. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders*? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

⁹ He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day.

¹ A publick whipping.

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We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,

If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards², when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princest.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick
you u'er the pales else³. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop halts, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous

² A bumbard is an ale-barrel; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie as the spigot.

It appears from a passage in Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, Act II. sc. ii. that bumbards were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled black jacks of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a black bumbard with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEVENS.

³ To pick is to pitch. "To pick a dart. Cole renders, *jaculor*. DICT. 1679.

perous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth*!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*]
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;

Her

* These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*.

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety³,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour⁶,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her⁷: But as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That

³ This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by B. and Fletcher in the *Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars. The original thought, however, is borrowed from the fourth chapter of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine."

⁶ The old copy reads *way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

⁷ These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the verification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare, MASON.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations⁸: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess⁹; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good breth'ren, I am much beholding;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think

He

⁸ On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612,) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

⁹ The transition here from the complimentary address to king James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. THEOBALD.

KING HENRY VIII.

119

He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

EPI.

E P I L O G U E.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's witty!*
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we shew'd them²: If they smile³,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

² In the character of Katharine. JOHNSON.

³ This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *King Henry IV.*

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended 'no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight*;

—*the fellow*

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our authour might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 4, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the prologue and epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person.

MALONE.

I entirely

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
 "Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed
 "Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
 "And help of some few foot-and-half foot words,
 "Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
 "And in the tiring-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish-clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*.

JOHNSON.

On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatic poet. MALONE.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

122 123
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C O R I O L A N U S.



*** THIS play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.



Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Licitors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of
the Volscians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good¹: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear²: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere

U 4

we

¹ Good is here used in the mercantile sense.

² They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth.

we become rakes³: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition, [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.*

³ It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke, which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes: for pikes then signified the same as forks do now.*

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a dissolute man, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a cur-dog, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, *as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.* JOHNSON.

CORIOLANUS.

7

1. Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1. Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale it a little more⁴.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale⁵: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments⁶
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate⁷, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

1. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs⁸, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly⁹
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart¹, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men.

⁴ To scale is to disperse. The word is still used in the North. The sense is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

⁵ Disgraces are hardships, injuries.

⁶ Where for whereas.

⁷ Here means participant, or participating.

⁸ With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

⁹ — even so most fitly] i. e. exactly.

¹ The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the understanding.

C O R I O L A N U S.

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1. Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1. Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*

1. Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1. Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
'Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage²,
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale³.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud⁴. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it⁵. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,

And

² Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The meaning, is perhaps only this: Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten.

³ *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity*.

⁴ Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices.

⁵ i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.

And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
 Would the nobility lay aside their ruth⁶,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁷
 With thousands⁸ of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.⁹

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
 They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
 That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
 That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity⁹,

And

⁶ i. e. Their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word.

⁷ Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey.

JOHNSON.

⁸ As I could pick my lance.] That is, pitch it.

⁹ To give the final blow to the nobles. Generosity is high birth.

And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation¹.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not —'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing².

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, fir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1. *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms³.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend

¹ Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest.

² For insurrection's arguing.] For insurgents to debate upon.

³ Coriolanus had been just told himself that the Volces were in arms.
The meaning is, The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago
of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms.

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1. *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority⁴.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1. *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone, [*To the Cit.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth⁵: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird⁶ the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow.
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,

His

⁴ You being right worthy of precedence.

⁵ That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour.

⁶ — to gird —] To gird, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, every man has a gird at me.

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity⁷, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius;
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone⁸;
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

[*reads.*]

They

⁷ We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself; what are
his powers, and what is his appointment.

⁸ i. e. four days past.

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1. *Sen.* Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns⁹, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army¹; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.*

⁹ To take in is here, as in many other places, to subdue.

¹ Says the senator to Aufidius, Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

for their remove. JOHNSON.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak². I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had prov'd himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself³.

Vol.

² The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

³ — to retire myself.] *Retire* was formerly used as a verb active.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy⁴: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA, and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.
What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. —
How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a
very pretty boy, O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'
Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and
when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again;
and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it
again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he
did

⁴ *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold; a word now obsolete.

did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it⁵.

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam⁶.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. - Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir.

⁵ To mammock is to cut in pieces, or to tear.

⁶ A crack, madam.] Crack signifies a boy child.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pry'thee, make us quick in work;

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums.

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lari. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fel-
lows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and Exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter
MARCIVS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and aged fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volcians and Romans re-enter, and
the fight is renewed. The Volcians retire into Corioli,
and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares⁷ his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius;
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1. *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain⁸ alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

S C E N E V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.*

⁷ *Sensible* is here, having sensation. So before: "I would, your carbuncle were sensible as your finger."

⁸ Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain.

3. *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them⁹, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [Exit Marcius.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt.

⁹ Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

*Near the Camp of Cominius.**Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

VOL. V.

X

Mar.

² *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterere tempus.*

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the found of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying², threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,

Their

* ² *Ransoming him, or pitying;—* i. e. remitting his ransom.

Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present³; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd⁴, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Velces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:

X. 2. *Make*

³ And that you not delay the present;—] Delay for let slip.

⁴ —swords advanc'd;—] That is, swords lifted high.

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports^s be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do fend, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy⁶: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest,

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

Tha

^s — the ports] i. e. the gates:

⁶ Envy here as in many other places, means, malice.

CORIO LANUS.

27

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned⁷ seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd⁸, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*

Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison⁹:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol¹⁰ her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,

As

X 3

⁷ For condemned, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help which I despise.

⁸ And, gladly quak'd,] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

⁹ This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.*

¹⁰ A privilege to praise her own son.

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
 As you have been; that's for my country:
 He, that has but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'en mine act².

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
 The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not³,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
 The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,
 We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, general;
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe, to pay my sword; I do refuse it;
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcins! Marcins! cast
 up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS,
 stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
 I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft
 As

² i. e. has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd.

³ Should they not,] That is, not be remembered.

As the parasite's filk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power⁴.

Com. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best⁵, with whom we may articulate⁶,

X 4

For

⁴ When two engage on equal terms, we say it is fair; fairest may therefore be equality, in proportion equal to my power.

⁵ The best—] The chief men of Corioli.

⁶ i. e. enter into articles. This word occurs again in *K. Henry IV's* P. I.

For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd?

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries;—'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody,
with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1. Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation

Hark

Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where?
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor sane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard^o, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1. *Sol.* I shall, sir.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

X 5

Men.

⁷ *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*.

⁸ To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity.

⁹ In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you¹, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks², and make but

¹ When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people.

² With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which bestows his own.

But an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like; upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night³, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs⁴; you wear out a good⁵ wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller; and then re-journ the controverfy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag

X 6

against

³ Rather a late lye down than an early riser.

⁴ That is, for their obeisance shewed by bowing to you. To make a leg was the phrase of our author's time for a bow.

⁵ — you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *praefectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

against all patience⁶; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controverted bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians⁷: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIGILIA, and VALERIA, and a crowd of people.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men.

⁶ That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.

⁷ — herdsmen of—plebeians:] As kings are called ποιμένες λαών.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen^s is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol.

^s — in Galen—] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 136, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GRAY.

^s Possess'd, in our authour's language, is fully informed.

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines'; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; [*Kneels.*]

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st

Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours: [*to his wife and mother.*]
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours².

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*]

[*Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes come forward.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse

Into

² Variety of honours; as change of rayment, among the writers of that time, signified variety of rayment.

Into a rapture³ lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins⁴
 Her richest lockram⁵ 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens⁶
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station⁷: dur veil'd dames
 Commit the war⁸ of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were sily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end⁹; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours; which
 That he will give them, make I as little question

As

³ *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So
to be rapt, signified, *to be in a fit*.

⁴ *Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up
 to fright birds in gardens: a scare crow.

⁵ *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen.

⁶ i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view.

⁷ A station among the rabble.

⁸ Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.
 Has the commentator never heard of roses contending with lilies for
 the empire of a lady's cheek? The opposition of colours, though not
 the commixture, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

⁹ *From where he should begin, and end;*] Perhaps it should be read:
From where he should begin t'an end,—

As he is proud to do't¹.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction².

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter

¹ Proud to do, is the same as, proud of doing. *As* means here, as that. MALONE.

² It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him; deadly. MALONE.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought, That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves, Ladies and maids their scarfs³ and handkerchiefs, Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, As to Jove's statue; and the commons made A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts: I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; And carry with us ears and eyes for the time⁴, But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge

³ Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf or glove* "upon him as he pass'd."

⁴ — *carry with us ears and eyes, &c.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.

knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelesness, lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved⁵ indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite⁶. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those⁷, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom

We

⁵ *be waved—*] That is, *he would wave indifferently.*

⁶ *—their opposite.*] That is, their adversary.

⁷ *—as those—*] That is, as the ascent of those.

We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

i. Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body²,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off³;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

i. Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not⁴: But, your people,
I love

² Your kind interposition with the common people.

³ *That's off, that's off;* That is, that is nothing to the purpose,

⁴ You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter²,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome³, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin⁴ he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-pres'd Roman⁵, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene⁶,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;

And,

² The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself?

³ When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. his chin on which there was no beard.

⁵ This was an action of singular friendship in our old English armies; but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject.

⁶ It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players.

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland⁷. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries⁸: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate⁹ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours¹
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give²; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men.

⁷ To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*.

⁸ The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as music and a dancer accompany each other.

⁹ The gate that was made the scene of death.

¹ That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation.

² *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies an avaricious.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Then Exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place.
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once ³, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull ⁴, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their concent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.*

³ Once here means the same as when we say, once for all.

⁴ Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your breth'ren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[Exit.]

Vol. V.

Enter

CORIOLANUS.

*Enter two Citizens.**Cor.* Bid them wash their faces.

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

*You know the cause, fir, of my standing here:**1. Cit.* We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.*Cor.* Mine own desert.*2. Cit.* Your own desert?*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.*1. Cit.* How! not your own desire?*Cor.* No, fir: 'Twas never my desire, yet

To trouble the poor with begging.

1. Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?*1. Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.*Cor.* Kindly?*Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, fir;
What say you?**2. Cit.* You shall have it, worthy fir.*Cor.* A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy voices
begg'd:—*I have your alms; adieu.**1. Cit.* But this is something odd.*2. Cit.* An'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.*[Exeunt two Citizens.]**Enter two other Citizens.**Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-
tomary gown.*1. Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have not deserved nobly.*Cor.* Your anigma?*1. Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed,
loved the common people.*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I
have not been common in my love. I will, fir, flatter my
sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of
them; f

them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁵ with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here?⁶
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
Their needstefs vouches?⁷ Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

Y 2

Watch'd

⁵ I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

⁶ The meaning probably is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf as expressive of his disposition.

⁷ Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as make their appearance here, their unnecessary voices?

Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice fix
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
 honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
 Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]
 He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
 'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
 His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,

He

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em: [*Several speak.*]

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*⁹,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't¹?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lessor'd:—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o'the state,

If he should still maliciously remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Y 3

Would

⁹ This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Or, perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through.

¹ *Were you ignorant to see't*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it,

Would think upon you² for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his furlly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt³,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not

With

² Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c.

³ —free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained.

With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
 Now in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd,
 (No impediment between) but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections : and that, your minds
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To beset high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances : but you have found,
 Sealing his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,

(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to the Capitol.

Y 4

Cir.

* That is, weighing his past and present behaviour.

Cit. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. *[Several speak.
[Exeunt Citizen.]*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater;
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer⁶
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Corners. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul? so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did tuse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor.

⁶ Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us.

⁷ Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers; thus, lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general, &c.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your of-
fices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot.

Y 5

To

* — prank them in authority,] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*

* The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any
one.

To curb the will of the nobility :—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people ; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours².

Cor. Why then should I be consul ? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir : If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd :—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome³ ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely⁴
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1. *Sen.* Not in this heat, fir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—

For

² i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is 'pertinent' :

Why then should I be consul ?

³ That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling.

⁴ *Falsly* for *treacherously*. The metaphor is from the bowling-green.

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves⁵: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle of rebellion⁶, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1. *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
 We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows⁷? mark you
 His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the canon⁸.

Y 6

Cor.

⁵ Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them; a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves.

⁶ Cockle is a weed which grows up with the corn.

⁷ i. e. small fry. A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a pink.

⁸ 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right.

Cor. Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise⁹ o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance¹: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less;
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs². They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,

More

⁹ Alluding to his having called him *Triven* before.

¹ Then vail your ignorance;—] If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.

² The plain meaning is, that senators and plebeians are equal; when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.

More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
 Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates³: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being iⁿ the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native⁴
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied⁵ digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debate
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more⁶:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
 You

³ That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley.

⁴ *Nature* is natural parent, or cause of birth.

⁵ This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people.

⁶ The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with. The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See *Brillon de formule*.

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of t⁷; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick,
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment⁸, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it⁹;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails.
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet¹,
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
 name, myself
 Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,

A foe

⁷ To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government.

⁸ Judgment is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong.

⁹ Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the integrity of a metaphor. To become, is to suit, to beset.

¹ Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet. Let it be said by you, that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.

A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged fir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help.
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
people, are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

a. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, fir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though call'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Begone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another².

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself.
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return³ whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men.

² One time will owe another.] I know not whether to owe in this place means to possess by right, or to be indebted. Either sense may be admitted. One time, in which the people are seditious, will give us power in some other time: or, this time of the people's predominance will run them in debt: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

³ The lowest and most despicable of the populace are denominated by those a little above them, tag, rag, and bobtail.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
 Here's goodly work!

2. *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the ven-
 geance,
 Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of the publick power,
 Which he so sets at nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock*, where you should but hunt
 With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
 Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
 As I do know the consul's worthiness,
 So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men.

4. i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children⁵ is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁶

Bru. Merely awry⁷: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was;—

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men.

⁵ *Deserved, for deserving.* So, *delighted for delighting*, in *Othello*,
⁶ i. e. *Awry*. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail*, *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*.

⁷ *Merely awry*:] *Merely* is absolutely.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unfeann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have ye not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars:
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouldred language, meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you
there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He must
come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1. Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death.

CORIOLANUS.

67

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse⁹, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [To Vol.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1. Sen. There's no remedy;

Unless

⁸ Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare
had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who
assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by
wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for con-
spiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

⁹ [*muse,*] That is, I wonder, I am at a loss.

¹ — my ordinance—] My rank.

Unless, by, not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour; in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

² *Why force you—] Why urge you.*

Now,

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts³
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want⁴ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not what⁵ is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow

³ — our general lowts.—] Our common clowns.

⁴ — that want —] The want of their loves.

⁵ Not what—] In this place not seems to signify not only.

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, fir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sence⁶? Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot⁷ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before⁸.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum⁹, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That

⁶ The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in
fornid and neglected dresses.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry when a horse
was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be
barbed; probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a
veil or covering. *Unbarbed sence* is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven beard*. To
barb a man, was to shave him.

⁷ A piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth; and here elegantly
transferred to the body, carcase.

⁸ — perform a part. Our author is thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you.

⁹ Which played in concert with my drum.

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks¹; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness²; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride³ thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exit.]

¹ To tent is to take up residence.

² This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity what thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.

³ But owe thy pride.— That is, own thy pride.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE III.

*The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINUS, and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have: 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, *fine*, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause⁴.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru.

⁴ This is not very easily understood. We might read:
— o'er the truth of the cause.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck⁵.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume⁶.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples⁷ with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1. Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens,

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices.

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Z 2

Men.

⁵ To look is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.*

⁶ I. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.

⁷ The *shews of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
 The warlike service he has done, consider;
 Think upon the wounds his body bears,
 Which shew like graves-i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter
 only.

Men. Consider further,
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier: Do not take
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
 Rather than envy you⁸.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
 That being past for consul with full voice,
 I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
 You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
 From Rome all season'd office⁹, and to wind
 Yourself into a power tyrannical;
 For which, you are a traitor to the people..

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
 Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating

⁸ Rather than import ill will to you.

⁹ All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people, by long use.

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people¹, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence²
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In-peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

Z 3

I have

¹ i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people.

² Not stands again for *not only*. It is thus used 1 Thess. iv. 3, "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God, &c."

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome³,
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate⁴, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
 As enemy to the people, and his country:
 It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders: till at length,
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels⁵),
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-
 NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Ed.

³ He either means, that his wounds were got out of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state.

⁴ I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife.

⁵ It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell;—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremities were the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning⁶: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

Z 4

If

⁶ The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction. *They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.*

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother?
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond⁷ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice⁸.

Vol. My first son⁹,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needier.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch¹, when I am forth,

Bid

⁷ 'Tis fond—] i. e. foolish.

⁸ By artful and false tricks, and treason.

⁹ My first son,] i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

¹ i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home:

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Val. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Val. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*to Brutus.*]

Vir.

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to Sicin.*] I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool,—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship?^a
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol.

^a Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, fir, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are,
against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, fir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but
your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's
the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state,
to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's
journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection:
the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks
not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope
to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to
heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that

they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicenor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment³, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir,
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars.

Have

³ That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay.

Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, fir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, fir ; farewell. *[Exit Citizen.]*

O, world, thy slippery turns * ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out,
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

Enter

* This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotsus? my master calls for him:
Cotsus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot
get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you,
avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid:
come.

Cor.

⁵ *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the
word *fellow*.

CORIOLANUS.

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Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [pushes him away.]

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master
what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall. [Exit.]

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an
ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle
with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS, and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *Serv.* Here, sir? I'd have beaten him like a dog,
but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy
name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [unmuffling.]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory⁶,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death; of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee⁷, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame⁸ seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends⁹. But if so be

Thou

⁶ The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *A heart of wreak in thee*,—] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge.

⁸ That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory.

⁹ Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob.

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

Like

Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!
[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
I cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—'Would I
were hang'd; but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest
man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he,
you wot one.

2. *Serv.* Who? my master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1. *Serv.*

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand¹, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll

go,

¹ Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion: I should rather suppose it to be to the imposition of the hand in confirmation. *MALONE.*

go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears²: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd³.

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent⁴. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd⁵, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men⁶.

2. *Serv.*

3. That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souillér, Fr.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.*

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century.

In this passage *to sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground a bowl*.

To sowle is still in use for pulling, dragging, and dragging in the West of England. S. W.

3. — *his passage poll'd.*] That is, *bared, cleared.* JOHNSON.

4. — *full of vent.*] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for discourse.

5. i. e. *softened and dispirited*, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. Lat. *Mollitus.*

6. i. e. *than wars are a destroyer of men.*

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, Put with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, where he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

[*Exeunt.*]

CORIOLANUS.

1. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance?

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Edile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men.

7 That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.

CORIOLANUS.

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Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow*,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come in,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone*,

Than

* That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word.

* To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is used by our author. To atone here, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation: To atone is to unite, JOHNSON.

Than-violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads¹ upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that flood so much
Upon the voice of occupation², and
The breath of garlick-eaters³!

Com.

¹ *Stone* seems to be derived from *at* and *one*;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form, "—to reconcile and make them *at one*." MALONE.

² Our authour, was here thinking of the old city gates of London.

³ *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit⁴:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt⁵; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome, they charg'd him*⁶ even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters;
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again⁷. Tullus Aufidius,

⁴ An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

⁵ To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt.

⁶ Their charge or injunction would shew them insensible of his wrongs, and make them shew like enemies.

⁷ As they booted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations.

*The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry³!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we ba-
nish'd him.

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru.

³ Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hawke*, a company of
players are contemptuously called a cry of players.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do, they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more prouder
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators, and patricians, love him too:
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish⁹, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether¹ defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So I hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance¹. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:

⁹ *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *offisfraga*.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,

"Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,

"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,

"Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,

"They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

LANGTON.

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. We learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed."

¹ Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair* of civil authority: but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

¹ He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it.

And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths, do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor't of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
 and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
 But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to: forbad all names;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
 Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
 A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome*,
 To make coals cheap: A noble memory³!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was less expected: He reply'd,

A a 3

* To rack means to harass by exactions here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals.

³ A noble memory!] Memory for memorial,

It was a bare petition⁴ of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bro. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He

⁴ A bare petition, means only a mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd⁵:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him,
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Brū. You know the very read into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic? Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold⁶, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions⁷:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The
Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?

A 2 4

2. G.

⁵ This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings.

⁶ He is intron'd in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

⁷ Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the conditions, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

2. G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. G. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends;

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks⁷,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1. G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, hapily, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground⁸,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing⁹: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, sir, if you have told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men.

⁷ — lots to blanks,] A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

⁸ Subtle means smooth, level.

⁹ I have almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your favour:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee

thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly², my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.* And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2. G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent³ for keeping your greatness back?

2. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself⁴, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

² Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.

³ Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders *to spend, increpo.* It is so used by many of our old writers.

⁴ — by himself—] i. e. by his own hands.

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SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business^s.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curf'ry worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

A a 6

In

^s That is, *bow openly*, *bow* remotely from artifice or concealment.

In supplication nod : and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
Be such a gossing to obey instinct ; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so⁶.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now by the jealous queen of heaven⁷, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while [kneels.
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach⁸
Fillop the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;

Murd'ring

⁶ Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.

⁷ That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

⁸ The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks.

Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola⁹,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours¹,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor.

⁹ Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

¹ I read:—*epitome of you.* An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude.

Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volces*, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy fight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake² with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets ; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor.

² That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake,*

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Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long.

[riſing.]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the enſuing age, *abhorr'd*. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour³,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy fulphur⁴ with a bolt
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the ſtocks⁵. Thou haſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,

And

³ The niceties, the refinements.

⁴ The meaning of the paſſage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful.

⁵ Keeps me in a ſtate of ignorance talking to no purpoſe.

And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition * with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

* Does argue for us and our petition.

At

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune⁷.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ; [To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you⁸ : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol ; yond' corner-
stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say,
there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay
upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the con-
dition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a but-
terfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is
grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more
than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his
mother now, than an eight year old horse⁹. The tartness
of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye ; talks
like

⁷ I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.

⁸ Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate.

⁹ — *than an eight year old horse.* Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.*

like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state*, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebéians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd, The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and bawthoys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and lutes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*]

Men.

* In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold*. The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to resemble Alexander*.

His *state* means his *chair of state*.

Men. This is good news :
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
 This morning ; for ten thousand of your throats
 P'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and musick.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and
 People. They pass over the stage.*

1. Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
 Deliver them this paper ; having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, will
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words : Dispatch. [*Exeunt Att.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome !

1. Con. How is it with our general ?

Auf.

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance^a, as if
I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my lord:

The

^a This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd³ upon him.
As a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of
the people.]*

1. *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us,
With our own charge⁴; making a treaty, where

There

³ This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities.

⁴ That is, rewarding us with our own expences; making the cost of the war its recompence.

There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more⁵.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave;) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1. Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*several speaking at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do
it presently. He kill'd my son;—my daughter;—He
kill'd my cousin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2. Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth⁶. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him. •

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill Co-
RIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on
him.]

Lords.

⁵ This should rather be given to the first lord. It was not the bu-
siness of Aufidius to put a stop to the altercation.

⁶ His fame overpreads the world.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded.
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefeft soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead
march sounded.*]

7 *Memory for memorial.*

8 The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunician insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



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